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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Reform Bill has been introduced, and the existence of the present Government has been frankly and unreservedly staked upon the issue thus raised. Those who are opposed to any legislation upon the subject are never tired of informing us that the public take little or no interest in the question; and we may at once confess that there is not much of the popular excitement which has frequently been provoked by subjects of far less importance. But although there may be no great excitement, there is no want of interest of a deeper, if of a quieter, description. The crowds that waited for weary hours outside the House of Commons on Monday—the closely-packed seats of the House itself—showed clearly enough that neither the public nor the Members of the Legislature are by any means so indifferent to the matter as Conservatives or Liberals of the Horsman-Lowe school choose to represent. And if the Ministerial measure be not calculated to excite any high degree of enthusiasm on the part of the masses, whom it will still leave outside the pale of the constitution, we do not despair of seeing it receive the intelligent appreciation of those who duly weigh the advantage and the gain of every step honestly taken in the path of progress. It would be untrue to say that the speech in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Bill to the House was one of his greatest or most successful efforts. Able, ingenious, carefully and skilfully reasoned, as it undoubtedly was, it lacked the fire, the spontaneity, and the unforced eloquence which he has often expended on inferior themes, and by which he has frequently given life and interest to facts and figures far more dry and repulsive than the electoral statistics of England and Wales. It is impossible not to gather, as well from the general tone as from the incidental admissions of the right hon. gentleman, that he would have preferred a larger and more generous measure of enfranchisement, and that the comparative parsimony of his concessions is due rather to the timidity of his colleagues than to his own apprehensions. Still, restricted as it is, the Bill is a genuine instalment of Reform, and will contribute substantially to the liberalization of our institutions. Its main features may be easily sketched in a very few lines. Avoiding altogether any interference with the present distribution of seats, it will reduce the occupation-franchise in counties from £50 to £14, thus adding 171,000 persons, almost entirely of the middle class, to the present constituency. The possessors of copyholds and leaseholds in Parliamentary boroughs will be placed upon the same footing as freeholders in regard to their right of voting for counties. A savings' bank franchise will be common to both counties and towns. With regard to the boroughs, it is proposed to

abolish the ratepaying clause of the Reform Act, and to place upon the register the names of compound-householders whose rates are paid by the landlord; the effect of these two measures being, it is calculated, to add 60,000 new voters. A £7 rental and a £10 lodger franchise for boroughs—enfranchising altogether some 144,000 working men—complete the Government scheme which those who have introduced it suppose will add about 410,000 to the constituency of the country; 200,000 of these, however, belonging rather to the middle than to the lower classes. Whatever else may be said of such a measure, it does not seem liable to the charge of being extravagant or revolutionary. But it has already been denounced by recreant Liberals and by professed Tories, in language nearly as violent as that in which Sir Charles Wetherell and Mr. Croker opposed the Reform Bill of 1831. In the opinion of Mr. Marsh, it threatens to introduce into England the evils with which an unbridled democracy has afflicted Australia. Mr. Laing sees visions of working-class predominancy in each constituency, as wages rise and gold falls in value. Mr. Horsman is convinced that nothing but the extremest political turpitude could have led to the production of such a measure, and in language which carried personality and ill-nature to the verge of coarseness and vulgarity, he ascribed its conception to the ill-regulated ambition of Earl Russell and the domineering influence of Mr. Bright. With keener logic, and with a more artistic use of the powers of sarcasm with which nature has gifted him, Mr. Lowe foreshadowed the gradual undermining and ultimate fate of the British constitution from the entrance of this "infelix monstrum" within its sacred walls. From Mr. Whiteside we had, *more suo*, a tempest of denunciation; and from Lord Cranbourne a slowly distilled and highly acidulated stream of epigrams and antitheses. But we cannot see that any one who has yet spoken in opposition to the measure has adduced any tolerably plausible argument to show that it will admit to the franchise those who are unfit to hold it, or that it will confer power upon any class who have not a deep and permanent stake in the prosperity of the country. Until this be done, the case of the Government will remain intact; and moderate politicians, who are not blind to the signs of the times, will hail with satisfaction the opportunity of effecting a temporary settlement of this question on the basis now offered to them. It would, as yet, be premature to speculate confidently on the fate of the Bill. But it is important to observe that it has as yet received no opposition from anyone whose support is likely to be essential to so mild and inoffensive a measure of reform. The hostility of the Conservatives and of a small clique of disappointed ex-officials is no more than every one anticipated. We know the combined strength of these two sections of the House, and it is a matter of



certainty that if a strong and clear expression of public opinion prevents their gaining recruits from the timid and the wavering, there is a sufficient Liberal majority in the House of Commons to carry the Bill to the threshold of "another place." If it ever gets into the House of Lords, we do not believe that the peers will undertake the responsibility of rejecting it.

Mr. Cardwell has found it necessary to recall Sir Charles Darling, the Governor of the colony of Victoria, and we think it will be generally admitted that he has not taken this step on insufficient grounds. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the two branches of the Legislature of the colony came into conflict upon the financial schemes of the Government for the time being. The Lower House passed, the Upper House it was known would reject, the budget. In order to surmount this difficulty, the Appropriation Bill was tacked to the Bill imposing new Customs duties. The Legislative Council was thus presented with the alternative of submitting to the dictation of the House of Assembly, or of leaving the Government without any legal power to levy taxes or to defray expenses; but, eventually, they chose the latter course, as they had a perfect right to do. Pressed by the difficulties of their situation, the Colonial Ministry, thereupon, resorted to more than one irregular and illegal means of raising the wind. It was clearly the duty of Sir Charles Darling, as the representative of the Queen, to refuse his sanction to acts of such a character. But he not only gave his cordial and earnest support to the politicians who were violating the Constitution, he did something even still more objectionable. Commenting on a despatch to the Colonial Secretary upon an address from the Legislative Council, he took it upon himself to express a hope that the gentlemen who had signed it would never be designated for the position of confidential advisers to the Crown, because it is "impossible that their advice could be received with any other feelings than those of doubt and distrust." When a Governor thus converts himself into a partisan, and descends from his constitutional eminence as the representative of the Crown, to participate in the party conflicts of the colony placed under his rule, it is clear that he can no longer discharge his delicate and dignified duties with success. His usefulness is at an end, and nothing remains but to replace him by some one who can maintain with greater firmness a position of impartiality, and can hold himself aloof with greater self-command from the excited passions which it is his duty to moderate. In a despatch of stinging but well-merited rebuke, Mr. Cardwell has insisted upon these obvious considerations, and has relieved Sir Charles Darling from the further exercise of functions which he has so grievously abused.

There is reason to believe that Count Bismarck has been compelled to pause in his audacious and aggressive policy towards Austria. In the beginning of the week we were assured on good authority that the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna had been armed with a note demanding the cession of the Austrian rights in the Duchies of Slesvig-Holstein on certain specified conditions. This note he was not, however, to deliver until he had received specific instructions by telegraph; and in the mean time it is understood that both Powers were busily preparing for war, that both were sounding the views of the other members of the German Confederation, and that both were coquetting with the King of Italy. We are now told that at the last moment family influence has been brought to bear upon the King of Prussia, and that he has been made to see that Austria might, after all, not prove a complaisant victim or an easy prey. Under these circumstances, it is said that he has overruled the hasty and imperious policy of his Minister, and has resolved to try further negotiation. We are disposed to believe this statement because it is in accordance with what we might expect from the character of the King, and because it is certain that the Prussian note has not yet been delivered to the minister of Francis Joseph. But although Herr von Bismarck has often been arrested for a time by the timidity or the scruples of his master, he has never yet failed to surmount them after a short delay. He possesses immense influence over the mind of the feeble monarch whom he professes to serve but really governs; and we are not inclined to think that he has sustained more than a temporary check in the execution of his long-cherished and firmly-embraced designs. We have little doubt that he will before long obtain permission to

offer Austria the choice of selling her conquests or fighting in their defence.

The situation of Austria certainly offers every encouragement to those who may be disposed to bully her. The financial embarrassments under which she labours make it almost impossible for her to carry on a serious war; and it is clear that the Emperor is still far from coming to terms with his Hungarian subjects. In their reply to the royal rescript, the Magyar Diet insist upon the demands contained in their address—demands to which they had just been informed that the Emperor could not assent. Unless his Majesty gives way—an event scarcely probable—the situation is therefore one of dead-lock. A dissolution of the Diet will probably be resorted to, and it is within the range of possibility that the new assembly may be more compliant than the one now sitting. But be that as it may, much time will be lost, the present crisis will be dangerously prolonged, and an opportunity will be offered to M. Bismarck of which it will be strange if he does not avail himself.

Complete success has attended the bold and decisive stand made by the President of the United States. The country has pronounced in his favour. The Radicals are cast down, if not abashed; and although its leaders will probably still continue to oppose Mr. Johnson, the rank and file of the party will probably desert a cause against which the popular voice has so unequivocally pronounced. We do not anticipate that the President will have much further difficulty in carrying out a healing and conciliatory policy towards the South, although the ill-humour of his discomfited opponents will probably vent itself on the other measures of his Government—such, for instance, as the financial plans of Mr. McCulloch. It is understood that, emboldened by his triumph, the President is about to take in hand the reconstruction of the Union, about which Congress has been so long talking and squabbling with so little result. According to an apparently well-accredited report, he will issue a proclamation declaring that peace has been firmly established in the South, and that the late Confederate States, which according to his theory have never been out of the Union, and therefore do not require to be readmitted, will be left to govern themselves without military interference, except on the part of the Freedmen's Bureau, which will continue in force one year after the issue of the proclamation. We sincerely trust, for the sake of America, both North and South, that these prognostications may be realized. The recent action of the President has rallied the people of the South to his side, and for the first time since the rebellion they probably feel something like a reviving attachment to the Government of Washington. On the other hand, the "Union" sentiment which has been evoked by the President's appeal to the country has swept away the last vestiges of rancour on the part of the Northerners against the late Confederates. There is now a fair prospect of a real reconciliation between the two divisions of the country; but in order that this may be realized, it is essential that no time should be lost in restoring the South to its old position in the Union. We have no doubt that Mr. Johnson sees, as clearly as any one else, that in this matter delay is dangerous, and that he will without hesitation act upon his conviction.

#### THE REFORM BILL.

AFTER a six years' abstinence from conflict the old battle-cry rises again, and the old flag, inscribed with the old motto, again waves above the ranks of the Liberal party. But though the principle at stake is the same, the immediate object of contention is now different, and the means for attaining it are other than have been heretofore propounded. Since the supposed final settlement of 1832 we have had proposals for a variety of new franchises, or extensions of old franchises, yet none for precisely that alteration in the franchise which Government has now proposed. So for the moment both parties are puzzled, for they have to do arithmetical sums and excogitate political problems from new data. Yet had not our thoughts been all running in the old grooves, nothing would have been easier than to foresee what Mr. Gladstone would have proposed. We were debating on the rival merits of an £8 and a £6 franchise so earnestly that we forgot that Mr. Gladstone is, like his great master, pre-eminently a man of "three courses," with a constitutional predilection for the third, combined with an ardent passion for arithmetical sym-



metry. So when others thought only of £8 and £6, it was almost an inevitable necessity that Mr. Gladstone should think of £7. And given £7 for a datum point in the boroughs, the adoption of double that figure for the standard in the counties followed with the certainty of a demonstration. That these leading features would be rounded and polished with some curiously careful adjustments was a conclusion to which the most superficial study of the series of Budget speeches would have led with equally unqualified certainty. And we must therefore take shame to ourselves, lessened only by sharing it with all the world, that we did not, from knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's chief mental characteristics, predict a week ago the precise provisions of the Bill which we are this week discussing, and which bears so undeniable a likeness to the mind which has evolved it.

It is of course to be further kept in view that the figure selected is not merely that on which Mr. Gladstone's mind prefers as a matter of choice to balance itself, but doubtless represents a compromise between the rival parties in the Cabinet. Reading the past with the help of the light shed by the present, we can scarcely refuse to believe that when Mr. Bright in autumn advocated a £6 franchise, he did so with some conviction that it was most likely to be adopted; all the more since, as it had been already proposed by a Liberal Ministry, it had precedent and consistency in its favour. But when the returns came in which showed an existing working-class constituency of 120,000, we can well understand that the pendulum of Cabinet inclination took a swing in the other direction, and for a period pointed at only a reduction to an £8 rate. Yet when this began to be talked of, and the manifest impatience of the real Liberals became visible, making anything else than a lukewarm acceptance not to be hoped for, we may assume that bolder counsels resumed their influences, and that between the two parties the compromise of £7, which the fertile brain of the House of Commons' leader would instinctively suggest, was struck. And it might gain the more favour from the idea that a Cabinet compromise would be the probable basis of a Liberal compromise, that Mr. Bright would think it worth the having, while Mr. Lowe and his patrons would not think it worth rejecting.

But whether this theory will be vindicated by results remains yet undetermined. Mr. Bright has, indeed, languidly approved; Mr. Lowe has emphatically objected; but both remain yet subject to the influences from without. Will the Bill please the public more than it displeases, is yet the question. The cautious rule, "*medio tutissimus ibis*," is absolute in no department of life; in politics it is often the pilot to shipwreck. In the present instance we know the dangers. There is a huge preponderance of dislike to the measure on the part of those who will have to pass it. Most of the Conservatives, many among the Whigs, avowedly or secretly wish to see the Bill strangled. And they will strangle it if left to themselves. But on the other side, there is a portion of the more enlightened Conservatives who honestly desire a Reform, and who will not factiously oppose unless distinct party ends are to be gained. There is a considerable section of the Whigs who have the same feeling; there are the advanced reformers, who will take the Bill as at least a fair instalment. But all these put together are not in the House a majority over those who would be glad to see the Bill thrown out. And the question is, will the feeling of the country be strong enough to turn the trimmers, and to compel performance of pledges on the part of men who are anxious for excuse to break them? Now, the peril is that the £7 compromise may fail to arouse such a strength of feeling as the £6 standard would have awakened. Although there had been no distinct agitation, the expectations of the working classes had been distinctly fixed upon that limit. And it would have had a very practical operation. The £7 rate will admit 144,000 of them, the £6 rate would have admitted 238,000. A quarter of a million of persons directly interested would have had far greater weight and effect than a body of less than half that number. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, proposes to do more than make up the difference by his other schemes. He calculates on 25,000 through the abolition of the rate and tax paying clause; on 35,000 through enrolling compound householders; making 60,000 new votes. But there is a material difference in the character of the support he will thus gain from what would have come to his aid had he invited it from equal numbers of £6 householders. By the removal of the tax-paying and compounding impediments, he only adds to the registers a body of men who at present might be enrolled at only the cost of a little trouble or a little punctuality, and who, since deterred by such slight causes, cannot be presumed

to care much for the offered privilege. The lodger class is also very indefinite; and at the limits proposed will probably consist more of clerks, shopmen, young barristers, and curates, than of artisans. But the 100,000 mechanics whom a £6 franchise would have additionally admitted probably comprise those who would be most eager to have a vote, and most enthusiastic in support of the Bill which should have given it them because in the most critical position. To fling away such external support, and to damp the ardour of union among genuine Liberals, may, we fear, yet be found to be paying a perilous price for the moderate support which a compromise may invite, or the slight and hesitating opposition which it may disarm.

But while we regret that a timidity which may endanger the measure has been suffered to mould it, we do not welcome it with only halting approval. So far as it goes it will work a great change, a great improvement in the practical character of our constitution. It will make the House of Commons now represent the public opinion of England, as the Bill of 1832 made it then represent the public opinion of that time. It will not for the first time introduce the working classes, for we know now that in appreciable numbers they are already introduced. But it will give them an appreciable strength, approaching distantly to that which they have in the nation. It will enable them to return their own members in some constituencies, besides those which they at present can influence, and it will procure them respect even in those in which they do not preponderate. When this has been in operation for a few years, when we find that they amalgamate safely with the rest of the electors, that even when they are in a majority they are not revolutionary, that their demagogues are only gentlemen of the opinions and education of Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mill, or Professor Fawcett, we shall see the change welcomed which is now deprecated and disputed. And since time is curious in its revenges, it is possible that twenty years hence we may find the aged Lowe and Horsman denouncing a proposal for a yet further extension on the ground that all the good legislation of the past vicenniad has been due to the virtues, the knowledge, and the self-restraint, of the £7 householders of 1866.

#### IRISH LAND DISCONTENTS.

THOSE who see in Fenianism a symptom of disease rather than a disease itself, who think there must be some constitutional malady of which Fenianism is only the external evidence, are sorely puzzled, as doctors often are, to lay their finger on the source and origin of the evil. To some it seems an outgrowth of the prevalent craving for nationality and self-government, such as elsewhere has united a crumbling Italy, and set Germans in Danish Duchies at irreconcilable feud with their co-subjects: such as maintains Poland a distinct nation, and revives the power of Hungary. Others trace it to the maintenance of an alien Church, pressed on the daily sensitiveness and self-interests of the poorest by the exactions which are thus made necessary for the support of the ministers and edifices of their own creed. There are yet others who find the root of mischief in the system of land tenure, and ask how a nation can be contented when a landlord's arbitrary will may drive a district to destitution, and may snatch the fruits of another man's lifelong labour and industry. We shall not attempt to discriminate between the operation of these various causes of disaffection, all probably not without influence, and all so interlaced in effect that perhaps few Fenians themselves would attribute to any one among them, exclusively of the others, his longing for a pure Irish Republic. And to the first two we shall say nothing at present on one side or the other. But the third stands on a different footing; it rests upon an old and long debated grievance; it is likely to undergo one more attempt at adjustment during this very session, and it has within the last week been brought into fresh prominence by the incidents of an eviction trial between Lord Mayo and Miss Bentley, in which some of the evils of the prevailing system of tenantry were, whichever side was in the right, very plainly elicited.

Even in confining ourselves to this single source of dissatisfaction it is necessary, however, to recognise its complexity. Over a great part of Ireland the mischief lies in the absolute poverty of both landlords and tenants, as well as in the faulty character of the relations between them. The landlords force their rents to the highest standard, divide their estates into small holdings, permit these again to be subdivided into smaller patches, held by sub-tenant under sub-tenant, have no money



to lay out in improvements, and give no such security of tenure as would invite capital. Hence a race of reckless and ignorant tenants, whose sole effort is to extract, by the old rude methods, as much from the land as will just pay the rent for the year, or to establish a set of cottar tenants, whose rude and inexpensive husbandry may furnish the head-rent, with a trifle over for cost of maintenance of the collector. Under such a system the land yearly grows worse, all parties grow poorer, until at last some crash in the Encumbered Estates Court, or some universal and unsparing eviction, suggested by the desperation of absentee poverty, ends the struggle, and inaugurates the commencement of a fresh one. On the other hand, the greater energy of Presbyterian and Scotland-tinged Ulster has on this basis built up a system of tenant-right, which, by the force of custom, gives to the tenant a title to retain possession till he is paid for his improvements, and his outlay at entering, then gradually accumulating till they reach a sum which practically the landlord cannot pay, and which therefore converts the holding into a perpetuity, capable of being assigned over to a new tenant who is willing to pay the price—often twelve or fifteen times the rental—to the existing tenant. This system it has been often proposed to establish by statute, and to extend to the rest of Ireland, as a panacea for its evils, but the extension has been hitherto resisted by the landlords, on the ground that it is an indirect but virtual confiscation of their rights.

But before we pronounce upon the precise character of the evil or the most appropriate remedy, it may be useful to glance at the corresponding systems and their consequences in other parts of the United Kingdom. We have in this a very wide range of experience offered to our view. In Scotland we find a flourishing agriculture, with leases, with high rents, and with a competition for land as keen as in Ireland. In some parts of England we find a backward agriculture, with no leases, low rents, and no competition. In others we find an advanced agriculture, without leases or competition, yet with high rents. In some of the former, and in all of the latter, districts we find a tenant-right established, not very dissimilar in principle from that of Ulster, yet with some distinctive features in each locality. What shall we say—amid this variety and incongruity—is the true source of prosperity and progress? We must trace the various systems to their root, in order to enable us to answer the question.

A hundred years ago Scottish agriculture was as backward and barbarous as the worst parts of England or Ireland now are. The climate was adverse, the soil poor, the tillers of the ground ignorant and bigotted, the landlords poverty-stricken beyond imagination. The pound in Scots money, value thirteen pence English, represented fairly enough the standard of life among high and low in Scotland, as compared with that of the same period in England. But there was a latent fund of energy and shrewdness in the people which, under the operation of similar qualities among the higher classes, and stimulated by the less commendable element of pride, wrought speedily a marvellous change. When the landlords began to mix with their English equals in station, they found themselves, through poverty, at a terrible disadvantage. The owner of half a county found his available revenue of a few hundreds sterling, which had constituted him a millionaire in Scotland, melt like snow in the sun before the expenses of a residence during the Parliamentary session in London. Scotsmen were looked down upon through their poverty, and Scotsmen have a strong dislike to being looked down upon. So they set themselves to review the situation. They could not mend their climate, nor transplant the fat acres of their Southron compeers; but they saw their way to mend their farming and improve their land. They became eager to accept new lights, they had little or no capital of their own, but they saw that capital employed on their farms would double their rents, and they grew anxious to invite capital. But in Scotland capital will not accept an invitation without security, and so the landlords had to abandon their seigniorial privileges over their tenants, and to give them the security of leases. Then followed competition, with its consequences of high rents. But as the object of giving leases was to attract capital, the landlords were careful not to take the bribe of a high rent from any one who was not known to have capital sufficient to enable him to carry on the system of good farming. And so by slow degrees, by sound principle and judicious common sense, the poor soils and cloudy skies of Scotland were found to give an increase which put Scottish landlords on a level with their English brethren, while the competition and the high rents, instead of beggaring the tenantry and deteriorating the husbandry, became, when coupled with security of tenure, a source of increased exertion, greater skill, and higher success.

Over the greater part of England no such stimulus to effort existed. The old rental books maintained the old family state, the wealth of each family remained as it had been known to be for generations, and no adequate motive was supplied for the straining of old customs to produce new revenues. So landlords kept up the feudal system by keeping their tenants as holders at will, though with such assurances as old habits and family affections and regard must engender. The result was an amiable feeling, often a comfortable and easy life, but no energy, no competition, no improvements, and no independence. But curiously enough, in the poor sands of Norfolk there sprang up a system of leases which speedily made it the best farmed county in England. In other counties, Lincolnshire and Notts for example, an almost equal advance has been established by an arrangement different in practice, but similar in principle to that of Scotland. The landlords in these counties would not, any more than elsewhere in England, give leases, but they conceded a claim for the value of unexhausted manure, to which a claim for the value of drainage works has been gradually added on the removal of the tenant. Here then was a species of security for the outlay of capital nearly equivalent, indeed in some respects superior, to that of the Scottish lease. And under its influence these counties have become thriving and well farmed in a degree only second to Norfolk. It was not alone in these districts, however, that this species of tenant right, established by that frequent source of English law "the custom of the country," has become established. It exists in Surrey, and in many other very badly farmed counties. It sometimes reaches back for outlay spent on the land as much as three or four years prior to the tenant's removal. But the difference in its operation lies in the character of the improvements for which this claim is allowed. In the backward counties it is for fallows and for farmyard manure only, with perhaps an allowance for oilcake, thus merely perpetuating either defective or imperfect systems of farming, and absorbing a new tenant's capital in what is useless to him. In the well-cultivated counties it lies for artificial manures and drainage works, thus tending to introduce and encourage real improvements.

These examples help us to see what is the sole condition of successful agriculture. It lies in security for the value of capital spent in real improvements to the land. This is the element common to the system of Scotland, of Norfolk, and of Lincolnshire. On the other hand, the examples of Surrey and Sussex show that to give a claim for outlay which is not really a permanent or temporary improvement is merely prejudicial. Unfortunately, in Ireland both faults have been committed. Over the bulk of the country there is no security; in some parts there is a security beyond the real value. In the one, the landlord raises the rent when he sees the tenant wearing a new coat; in the other, the tenant defies the landlord unless he is bought out at the price of half the fee simple. Now, it cannot be said that in both cases the question lies between the parties only, and that the British Legislature has no title to interfere. The Irish landlords are loyal, but their tenants are infected with disloyalty; and if we withdrew the English troops there would be a revolution in a week, in which the landlords would find their rights very much more seriously affected than by any possible legislation at Westminster. If we maintain troops to preserve their throats from being cut and their estates confiscated, we are certainly entitled to dictate to them amendment in such of their ways as may seem to us a chronic source of the discontent which costs us so much money and anxiety. Nor can they complain if we only impose upon them a law which exists through custom with the force of law in many of our English counties. We do not bid them grant leases, or form any special terms of agreement with their tenants. But we may fairly say to them, either reduce your bargains into writing, so that your tenants may know exactly what rights and security they have, or submit to pay for the capital which your tenants may beneficially expend upon your land. You may, if you will, exclude such a claim by written stipulations beforehand, and take such tenants and rents as you can get under such a stipulation. But if you do not, you shall not be allowed to stand by and see money laid out on your land by a tenant increasing its value, of which you may take possession at pleasure without compensation. You shall either not turn out such a tenant, or you shall be liable, on turning him out, to pay him back what he has spent in improving your land. If you cannot pay, either keep him or go to the Estates Court, where the land will bring the higher price for what the tenant has spent on it. This may appear very hard justice to absentee Irish landlords, and very scant justice to Ulster tenant-right agitators; but it is English law, as it is in force at this day in Lincolnshire, and precedent and experience warrant its application to Ireland.



## PARLIAMENTARY DINNERS.

It is a pity that the late Rev. Sydney Smith was not made Archbishop of Canterbury. He had a grand specific for bringing about uniformity in matters of religious belief and practice, which such a position would have enabled him to apply. Reasoning upon the pathological connection between the stomach, the heart, and the brain, he logically concluded that, if you conciliate the stomach, you are in a fair way to bring over the brain and the heart also. His plan was, to give a series of good dinners, and invite to them all sorts of Dissenters — Wesleyans, Baptists, Independents, Quakers, Swedenborgians, and even Roman Catholics. He was convinced that the soothing and sedative influence of good cheer would dispel the *odium theologicum*, and that all his guests would in time come to regard the religion that fed them so well as one to which their appetite, their feelings, and their reason alike could reconcile themselves. On the same principle ought the theory of Parliamentary dinners to be developed and applied. It is a branch of social science which the Congress devoted to that pursuit have not yet, to our knowledge, taken into consideration. No subject of inquiry, however, will better reward the researches of the social and political philosopher. The homogeneity and solidarity of the Tory party in Parliament are a source of much wonder and envy to their opponents, and render the task of Mr. Brand, in his efforts to unite and keep together the divided and uncementing forces of Liberalism, peculiarly difficult and perplexing. But it must be remembered how well the science of political entertainments is understood by the leaders of the Tory party. Mr. Disraeli, especially, in those admirable novels which it is so much to be regretted he has given up writing, since no one has been able to produce anything like them, points out the mistakes Lord Melbourne made, and which were so detrimental to the strength and cohesion of the Whig party; first, by not affording hospitality on a scale sufficiently large to the members of the party who needed humouring; and, secondly, when he had them at his table, by not showing them the little courtesies they expected; which would have cost him nothing, but which his guests would have greatly appreciated, and the omission of which they highly resented, making their resentment felt in Parliamentary divisions. The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons has improved his fine natural tact by an experience derived from the observation of others' failures, and his Parliamentary dinner lists are really works of art, and deserve the attentive study of all who desire to master the difficult science of political gastronomy.

It is only a Soyer or a Francatelli that can give all the ingredients, in their due proportions, of which some highly appreciated *potage* or *plât* has been composed. The consumer, or even the less experienced culinary artist, can do no more than guess, in a general and incomplete sort of manner, the principal elements of the dish. In the same way, we do not undertake to give the precise combinations which form a Parliamentary dinner-party at Grosvenor-gate. The most we can attempt is to give some idea of the general plan, the details of which we cannot complete—to copy a mere outline, the colours and perfect lines of which only the great artist himself can fill in. The basis (what cooks call the stock) of the composition, then, seems to us to be capital—money, that is made no matter how; by banking, by trade, by manufactures, by speculation. Half a dozen guests of this type make a broad and solid foundation. Immediately superimposed upon them we find a stratum of intellect, such as successful barristers, clever writers, good diners-out. Over these are the country gentlemen, the "large-acred squires," officers of yeomanry and militia, and perhaps a baronet or so. Our young nobility, of course, figure at the top. It flatters them to be the guests of honour at the board of their political chief, and their fellow-guests (sufficiently pleased at being so) do not think of disputing their right to that distinction. As a rule, there is no section of his party which Mr. Disraeli cultivates more assiduously than the young peers-to-be, and they all admire him immensely, cheer him heartily, and are prepared to support him throughly thick and thin. What a rich scene that was which the last Parliament witnessed! A scion of some noble Scottish house had just taken his seat after his election. Impressed, no doubt, with a proper sense of his own importance, his first care was to make himself known to the leader of his party. He respectfully approaches the great Caucasian, takes off his hat, bows profoundly, and presents his card. The representative of the patriarchs feels that the occasion is one on which silence is golden. He solemnly scrutinizes the inscription, and then gravely consigns the card to his waistcoat pocket. No doubt the Honourable MacHaggis received in due course an invitation

to dinner. An average dinner-list of Mr. Disraeli's will read somewhat like this:—Lord Tyro, Lord Newmarket Craven, Sir Babraham Bellwether, Colonel S. Lobb, Mr. Oldstock, Mr. Sirkett Leader, Mr. Southern Partisan, Mr. Jester, Mr. Lutestring, Mr. Bullion, Mr. Delabourse, and Mr. C. Spring.

How can the Liberals possibly hold their ground against such an enchanter? Mr. Gladstone entertains his friends, to be sure, but their circle is too limited. And Lord Russell? There is the stereotyped family party, making about a dozen, and then, *speciali gratiâ*, some one important person,—a Mr. Bright or a Mr. Bouverie, whom it is absolutely necessary, or at least most desirable, to conciliate. It may be very satisfactory to the Liberal party to know that Lord Amberley's opinions are of so very advanced a character, that he is for doing away with the Church, and thinks it intolerable that such thoughtful and learned men as the writers of "Essays and Reviews" should meet with discouragement; but there are many members who would like to see this liberality extended to social matters, and who regret that so rigid an exclusiveness in the point of hospitality is permitted to throw a shade over so vast a display of political generosity.

We would, therefore, respectfully advise the Parliamentary leaders of the Liberal party to carry out more fully Sydney Smith's admirable idea, at least so far as to dine their own followers a little more freely than they have hitherto seemed inclined to do. It will give them some trouble to get their Reform Bill even through the House of Commons; but let them not put the members on short commons while they are giving them so much to do. They need not be afraid of the Lowe fellows—Horsman, Marsh, and the rest of the lot—before some of whom it would be a wasteful extravagance to put anything better than the mutton-chops and "damper" to which they were accustomed in Australia; but the bulk of the party can fairly appreciate a higher style of entertainment, and the Ministerial *chefs de cuisine* had better lose no time in preparing their "*potage à la savings-bank*," their "*fricandeau de veau à la rinderpest*," their "*suprême de volaille à la disfranchised dockyard-men*," and whatever other ingeniously prepared and delicately flavoured comestibles may best succeed in pleasing the palates and not disordering the digestion of our Parliamentary Liberals.

"Nec sibi conarum quivis temerè arroget artem,  
Non prius exactâ tenui ratione saporum."

But whatever Mr. Gladstone puts before his guests, let him be careful not to offer them any "Chancellor's claret."

## THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE Academy of France is by no means free from the influence of political agitations; indeed, there is no field on which the relations of men to parties are scanned more closely and keenly than the Academicians scan the past political history and the probable future of candidates for their suffrages. It is so very evident that to be supported by a good majority of the Academy must give great weight to any party or creed among the more intellectual men of France, that there is no wonder there should be such interest excited by the contests to which the death of each Academician gives rise. As is well known, the Imperialists do not muster very strong among the men of higher mental cultivation in France, and therefore it is only to be expected that the Academy should rather disfavour the Emperor's friends. The recent receptions of M. Doucet and M. Prévost-Paradol are apt illustrations of this temper, the former of whom succeeds the Comte Alfred de Vigny, the latter M. Ampère. In a city like Paris there is naturally a great rush to the receptions of the Academy, independently of the political sentiment which may underlie the affair, and so as far as mere crowd goes M. Doucet's reception differed little from that of M. Prévost-Paradol, inasmuch as every vacant space was filled on each occasion, and some a good deal more than filled. But whether in the men themselves, or in the *éclat* of the reception, there was a very great difference between the solemnities of the 22nd of February and those of last week. Incomplete as the claims of M. Prévost-Paradol are, being founded on literary efforts more or less ephemeral, which rather give promise of something serious in the future than have established a real solid reputation, they throw the claims of M. Doucet into the shade. This latter gentleman is known as the author of a few comedies written in verse after the manner of Ponsard, "*Les Ennemis de la Maison*" and "*De Fruit Défendu*" being the best of them, and they but of a moderate order of excellence. Nevertheless, the *élite* of the Parisian world



sought eagerly for admission to the ceremony of his reception, as if he had been the most renowned and accomplished of orators or philosophers. All the formalities of a reception are the same whatever the true calibre of the novice may be, and the ceremonial is sufficient to attract the pleasure-seeking crowds of Paris. Military sounds of course usher in the new member. The command *Porte armes!* and the clink of the sentinels' guns announce his arrival on the scene. The sponsors of the novice, clad in their green-breasted academical costume, for all the world like a pair of parrots, accompany the object of all eyes. Then comes the *éloge* of the deceased member, spoken by his successor. Then the reply of the director, or of some one fitted for the purpose. M. Doucet's sponsors were MM. Saint Beuve and Nisard, who are said, in common with M. Doucet, to have sacrificed their independence as writers for the sake of gaining such place and honour as the Imperial hand is never niggardly in bestowing on supporters of this description. This stamped the whole official proceedings with an Imperialist air, and the flattery which the Tuileries received in some parts of M. Doucet's speech was only in keeping with his antecedents. It was less in accord with the temper of the audience, who received it with that moderate applause which marks an absence of enthusiasm and is evidently a sacrifice to the god or goddess of conventional propriety. *Les idées Napoléoniennes* meet with less favour nowhere than in the *salon* of the Academy,—*le conservatoire des Vieilles Rancunes*, as an Imperialist wit has styled it. The sentiment which called down the greatest applause was a quotation from La Bruyère, —*il faut en France beaucoup de fermeté et une grande étendue d'esprit pour se passer des charges et des emplois*, and the applause was evidently no compliment to the orator, and men of like mind with him, but rather the reverse. The audience on these occasions is obliged to seize on very slight pretexts for cheering exalted sentiments of liberty and opposition, inasmuch as the orations are submitted previously to the *censure*, and passages which savour too much of anti-imperialism are of course judiciously excised. The answer of M. Jules Sandeau to M. Doucet's oration was in no way remarkable, except for the indistinctness with which it was uttered, though anything which this gentleman—the healthiest and most moral of the modern novelists of France—may say is sure to be couched in elegant language.

The enthusiasm of M. Prévost-Paradol's reception, on the other hand, was in every way very great, and the sympathies of the audience were in an excited state throughout. The one day was to the other as a galvanic battery in play to the same apparatus at rest. With vastly more general *prestige* than M. Doucet, with a more generous subject for his *éloge* in the late M. Ampère, with many advantages of person and presence, with the Duc de Broglie and M. Mignet for his sponsors, with M. Guizot at the *bureau* to make answer to his oration, adorned with the grand cordon of the Légion d'Honneur, and the collar of the Toison d'Or, it would have been strange if the reception of M. Prévost-Paradol had not been a brilliant success. The well-dressed crowds had stood *en queue* in the mud for hours before the doors were opened, they had torn in to their places with a perfect obliviousness of civility one to the other, *chacun pour soi* the universal motto. The *crème de la crème* of the intellectual world was there, all impatient for what was to come. And for once the general expectation was not disappointed. Perhaps nothing in the whole day's proceedings was more striking than the wonderful play of expression which various passages of the oration brought upon the features of M. Guizot, like gleams of sunlight on rippling water. Evidently this "*grand esprit*" was satisfied with the "*esprit charmant*" he was called upon to receive into the foundation of the great Richelieu, which has survived the shocks that have overthrown so many social institutions and historical souvenirs, and has ever proved a refuge and a shelter for the confraternity of men of mind. The general character of M. Prévost-Paradol's oration has been given in the daily papers, and it is unnecessary to occupy our space by entering at length upon it. Suffice it to say that the orator was encouraged by cheers of genuine sympathy throughout. Whenever he alluded to Christian morality, Monsgr. Dupanloup was the first to greet the elevation of the sentiments he expressed, and his remarks upon the fate of Rome, a subject into which the literary efforts of M. Ampère naturally led him, called down loud and frequent applause, especially the following citation from Montaigne, having reference to Dion Cassius,—*il a le sentiment si malade aux affaires Romaines qu'il ose soutenir la cause de J. César contre Pompée, et celle d'Antoine contre Cicéron*. The power of writing and speaking things which the Government cannot take hold of, which yet strike most keenly and deeply, has long been

known as one of M. Paradol's great gifts. It has been developed to its present dimensions by the disciplinary measures to which the censors of the press have subjected him, and his covert satire is now even yet more dreaded than were formerly his violent and more open attacks. Readers of the *Courrier du Dimanche* enjoy the point of his writing with a keenness which is sometimes independent of their political proclivities; but the point is now and then made a little too plain, and the proprietors of that journal do not enjoy the result as much as their readers enjoy the article.

M. Guizot was of course felicitous in reply, encouraging and paternal towards the young member. It was a striking sight, the grand old man with the never-to-be-forgotten contour of head and profile, cheered enthusiastically at the end of his public career, receiving with generous words of kindness and of hope his young colleague, now at the very commencement of the more exalted course of his life. Of the past successes of the novice he spoke only as being earnest of something greater to come. His remarks on the high responsibilities of the press are well worth general attention, and the passage commencing with the significant words, *La France est la patrie de l'espérance*, came with remarkably fine effect from an old warrior who has fought so long and so steadily for the hopes of France. As striking as anything in his speech were his allusions to the high destinies of Rome, and the manner in which, on making each allusion, he pointed his liberal meaning—for M. Guizot is a Protestant—by turning to the bench on which sat Monsgr. Dupanloup. The loyal testimony which he rendered to the many excellences of the Roman communion produced the happiest effect upon his audience, and called forth very frequent applause, which a wave of the orator's hand checked at once. His voice became feeble and his utterances indistinct towards the end of the three-quarters of an hour which his speech occupied; but the expressiveness of his features in speaking is so great, that his audience could often catch the spirit of what he said, even when failing to hear the exact words. The power of matured eloquence of speech and manner was never more completely displayed than in this, M. Guizot's latest public address. To pass forth by a sudden transition into all the vulgar hubbub of the *mi-carême*, was a most unsatisfactory bathos, and notwithstanding the somewhat slight basis on which M. Prévost-Paradol's fame stands, his reception will, for various reasons, long be remembered as one of the most remarkable in more recent times.

#### IRISH EDUCATION.

THE subject of Irish Education will be one of the prominent Parliamentary topics during the present session, and the question whether the Queen's University is to remain as at present or not, a Sectarian institution; or whether it is to be altered so as to suit the wishes of the Ultramontane Irish party, and be settled one way or the other. We trust that this Legislator will not content himself with simply objecting to any alteration of the University Charter, but will suggest some measure by which University Education may be generally diffused throughout Ireland. Many schemes having this object in view have been recently published, one of the latest we propose in this article to review. It proceeds from Sir D. Corrigan, and, regarding the high position which its author occupies in Ireland and the amount of experience which he has had as one of the Roman Catholic members of the Senate of the Queen's University in Ireland, we think the scheme worthy of being considered. Whether it be practicable, or whether it be expedient, of this there can be no question, that it is a very strong and emphatic protest against a strictly denominational education, and one that we have little doubt will be joined in by all the better educated Catholics.

The plan suggested is to alter the constitution of the present Queen's University in Ireland and to remodel it on the plan of the London University; to allow it, in fact, to admit as candidates for its degrees, honours, and prizes, students whether educated at a college or under private tuition, without any distinction as to how or where educated; but that, following the precedent of the London University, such students must in the first instance pass a matriculation examination, to be held by the Queen's University, and that the three Queen's colleges shall be maintained, with some slight alterations, as at present. Such a scheme has at first sight a certain amount of plausibility, but however well intentioned, it in very truth strikes a fatal blow at the system of collegiate education in Ireland, and we fear that, if carried out, it will not advance in the slightest degree the cause of education in that country. To understand



this proposition rightly, it is necessary to inquire, in the first place, what sort of education is most wanted in Ireland, and then to see what means are at hand to supply this want. In Ireland, as in all other countries, there is a comparatively small class who require a first-class literary and scientific education; there is a still larger one, who require a professional education; a much greater one, who wish for a good general education in English literature and the rudiments of the sciences; and then, larger than all, there is the majority of the people, whom we would desire to see possessed of a practical acquaintance of spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Those belonging to the first and second classes seldom rest content without a University degree, and are, for the most part, indebted to private tuition for their education; those belonging to the third and fourth seldom aspire to this distinction. We believe it to be the duty of the State to see that a collegiate education, leading to the attainment of a University degree, lies open to the first two classes; that grammar and middle-class schools be equally available for those of the third, and that the last class be instructed by a thoroughly efficient system of national schools. Genius and ability, not a Government, will of course determine to which of these different classes different students will belong; but in all of these educational establishments there ought to be a sufficiently large number of prizes and exhibitions, to enable genius and ability to fight their way upwards, independently of any very large pecuniary expenditure.

By a system of national schools the Government have, to the best of our belief, provided the means of educating the poorer classes in Ireland; throughout the length and breadth of that land national schools are to be found. Along the shores of Bantry Bay, where for miles the hovels of the peasantry are a very disgrace to the human species, school-houses lie scattered often within ten miles of each other, and scholars are to be found coming out almost from the very ground and flocking into them. In the bleakest and wildest parts of Donegal the same thing is the case, so that there is no great lack of secular education for this class. If education was compulsory, as in some parts of the Continent, the necessary means would be at hand. As regards middle-class education Ireland is unfortunately but badly off; private enterprise, it is true, has, to a certain extent, come to the rescue of those who can afford to pay, but it remains for some future Sir Robert Peel to found throughout the country a system of first class grammar schools, to which may resort, among others, the most gifted of the national school scholars; schools where the boy who outstrips his former comrades may prove what metal he is made of, and where, if it be of the genuine sort, he may so distinguish himself as to be admitted, as of right, to some of the endowed colleges, and so obtain the highest possible education. Thus national school, grammar school, and college, would stand to each other in the relation of forms at school—few may rise to the first form, but all may if they can. But as it is not of middle-class education that we would here write, we proceed to inquire what are the university and collegiate distinctions which are attainable by those wishing for that higher education which should distinguish the literary and professional man. The difference between collegiate and university education is but little understood, indeed, hardly exists in Ireland; graduates of the elder Irish university find it hard to dis sever in their minds the tutorial education which they received at Trinity College from the examinations which they have passed and the professorial lectures they may have attended in Dublin University; and it is no uncommon thing for graduates of the latter to sign themselves as graduates of the former, though Trinity College, as a college, has, we believe, never had the right of conferring a degree; at present the degrees are actually conferred by the officers—Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor—of the senate of the university, and are not granted until the members of the senate have voted on each of them.

The distinction between a university and a college is, however, an important one, and is seen to exist to a certain extent in the Queen's University in Ireland, where the university has no tutorial faculty, but confines itself to examining for, and admitting to, degrees. Of the two universities in Ireland, the elder, or the Dublin University, was founded in 1591, and has but a single college—Trinity. It has a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, several Professors, and a Senate, consisting of such Doctors and Masters as shall have conformed to certain regulations. But the strange anomaly exists, that no grace whatsoever can be proposed to or by the Senate until it has first been approved of by the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College. This state of things probably arose from the college having been incorporated before the University. Trinity College has a Provost, seven senior Fellows, twenty-seven junior Fellows,

who are also tutors, and a large number of professors or lecturers, as well as college officers. To take the degree of B.A., the student must have kept a certain number of terms in Trinity, either by examination or by lectures, and must have four stated examinations, one in each of the four academic years. A student can take his degree and yet not be present in Dublin for more than eight days in each of the four years, residence not being compulsory; and if a student passes these examinations he may be educated where and how he pleases; he may belong to any religious denomination under the sun—he may be a Jew, Turk, or infidel, and beyond the days in which he is undergoing his examinations, he will not be exposed to any possibility of being either converted or perverted; neither is he obliged to take any oath save that of the Queen's supremacy, and of naturalization of a foreigner. From this point of view, then, nothing could be less denominational than the degree of the Dublin University, but from this very same point of view there is no real collegiate education imparted; no salutary lessons of discipline; no intercourse with one's fellow-students or with one's teacher, is afforded to the student, and in after life there are no agreeable recollections coupled with the college walls, and there are no memories of old friendships and of generous rivalries. Such a graduate is now and then to be met with, but talk to him of some vice-provost loved and respected, or of some senior lecturer gentle and kind, and he knows them not; their virtues have made no impression on him—their acts of kindness have never been heard of. Once he may have seen the junior or senior proctor, but he is ignorant of the existence of a senior or a junior dean. Of such a one, one may well inquire what good it will do him to write A.M. Dub. after his name. In Trinity College none but those belonging to the Established Church have any religious instruction to attend to.

The Queen's University in Ireland was founded in 1846. It consists of a Chancellor, a Vice-Chancellor, a Senate, consisting of seventeen, appointed by the Government, and a Congregation, of such Doctors and Masters as have their names registered. The Senate have the power of electing a Court of Examiners. To obtain a degree in Arts, a student must pass two examinations at the University, and must have passed certain terms by attendance at lectures in one or other of the colleges. There are three colleges, one in Belfast, one in Cork, and one in Galway, each of which has a President, Vice-President, and Professors in the faculties of arts, medicine, and law. A student of any religious denomination may obtain his education in any of these colleges by attending lectures for some three months in each of three years, and by passing two examinations held in the college. He can then take his degree on passing two examinations at the University, one of which must be passed at the end of his second, the other at the close of his third year; thus very great care is taken to secure for the student all the advantages of a collegiate education; and though these colleges have been termed godless, there is every possible facility given for religious instruction. It is hardly sufficiently well known that not only may the Bishop, Moderator, or constituted authority of any Church or religious denomination provide lodging or boarding-houses for the exclusive use of students of such denominations, but that the college council has power to assign lecture-rooms within the college, in which religious instruction shall be imparted to the students.

We are thus enabled to see how far university and collegiate education is provided for the people of Ireland, and are therefore in a better position to inquire how far the proposed plan would be an improvement on the existing state of things. The distinctive feature of Sir D. Corrigan's scheme is the assimilation of the Queen's University to the plan of the London University—not requiring any collegiate residence, but insisting on the students passing two examinations. But where we would inquire, save in degree, is the great difference between the proposed state of things and that which already exists in the Dublin University? In the one case the student should spend a fortnight in Dublin during a period of three years, in the other, four weeks during one of four years. Certainly, if the examinations were to be held in different parts of the country, the case would be somewhat different, but this would still be hardly a sufficient reason for altering the present condition of the Queen's University, for does not the London University perform all that could be wished for in this respect? does it not hold pass examinations even in Ireland, as in Carlow in June of last year? and would it not, if there was a demand for these degrees, hold them everywhere throughout the country? and if it be a grievance to ask a student to reside for some six weeks in each year in Cork, Galway, or Belfast, it can scarcely be none to require him to attend at a neighbouring town to



pass an examination and to return rejoicing with the degree of M.A., London. If it be urged that it is not right to oblige an Irish youth to graduate in an English university, it will be recollected that we are not urging him to do so, we are only showing that if a degree of the kind must be had, there is at present an opportunity—scarcely availed of—for doing so.

Thus a student in Ireland, if he wishes to improve himself, and can afford it, can graduate as a B.A., partly by passing examinations, and partly by attending lectures in Dublin, Cork, Belfast, or Galway; or if he cannot afford prolonged residence, but can afford to come to the metropolis for one week in each year, he can get the same degree in Dublin; or if he cannot even afford this, he can get the degree from the London University, by going on two separate occasions, and passing two examinations, to some of the towns visited by the examiners of that university. What greater advantages can any aspirer to a degree require? and what need is there of overturning the present state of affairs, unless indeed some very manifest improvement were the result, and lowering the importance of a collegiate education we cannot regard as any improvement. The Queen's Colleges are beginning to take good root in the soil. If the Catholic clergy had taken the same advantage of them that they have lately taken of the national schools, they would long since have been still more successful. Why they will not do so, why they will not as ministers of religion attend to their sacred duties and leave the professors of secular matters to attend to theirs, has long been a puzzle to us. Why they have not built large institutions in Cork, Galway, and Belfast, for the boarding and religious and moral training of the students of their own religion, is to us, we confess, quite incomprehensible. Surely if they are in earnest in believing that they must give some account for the souls of the young Catholic students who attend these colleges, they are deeply reprehensible for not taking the charge of them which the State allows. They might have had their morning prayers and their evening vespers, and their catechetical lectures, and the students would have attended them, and surely none the worse for having joined for some hours in the day time with students of other religious denominations at classical or scientific lectures. And why might they not do so? One of the Roman Catholic archbishops tells us of some of the students who have turned infidels by attending these colleges, but who was to blame? Had the archbishop appointed a Dean of residence to look after their spiritual welfare, would such a thing have happened? Would that there might be a right view, even yet, taken of this question, and what blessings might then be in store for Ireland!

If, indeed, it is a matter of absolute necessity—as we are told it is by one in authority—that the Catholic Church “may not approve of a system of educating youth unconnected with Catholic faith and the power of the Church,” and if it be true “that no Catholic, be he layman or prelate, can on this matter think otherwise than as he is in the above sentence told to think by his Holiness the Pope,” then it simply behoves those in whose hands the education of the country lies to see that what his Holiness calls “the knowledge of mere earthly things and the ends of earthly social life” are taught by merely earthly teachers, leaving the teachings of things spiritual to his ministers, and leaving all the blame and all the future punishment on them, if they do not do so. It will be strange if, at this period of the world's history, and in this portion of it, any Government will propose to have religion of some kind or another taught as a necessary adjunct to learning how to read and write. Let it not be said that we wish to interfere with any one's religion. We ask no Church to surrender its right of teaching its own religious opinions, but we do insist that it is the duty of the nation to give a secular education to all; that the imparting of this is not a divine work; and that to assert that it is such is an arrogant assumption, no matter from what body of religionists it proceeds. To settle this question so as to please every one is simply an impossibility. Sir D. Corrigan's plan might cut the Gordian knot, yet would please but a very limited portion. The establishment of a truly national university in Ireland, by leaving all without an excuse for grumbling, might perhaps succeed; but we owe a good deal to the proposer of the plan we have thus noticed for showing us how adverse he and other right-minded Catholics are to ultramontane schemes of education.

#### ENGLAND'S NATIONAL BEVERAGE.

The origin of the use of malt liquor, or a drink made by steeping grain in water and afterwards fermenting it, seems

lost in the night of antiquity. Herodotus attributes the discovery of the art of brewing to Isis, the wife of Osiris. What is certain is that the Egyptians, so versed in all the industrial arts of domestic life, included brewing among the number. Pelusium, situated on one of the mouths of the Nile, was at a very remote epoch particularly celebrated for its manufacture of malt liquors,—one called *carmi*, sweet and glutinous, the other named *zythum*, more attenuated and less sweet, and probably analogous to modern beer. Pliny the Naturalist states that in his time a drink, made from fermented grain, was in general use under various names amongst all the nations of Western Europe. According to Isidorus and Orasius, the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations practised a mode of preparing an intoxicating drink from grain which did not differ materially from our modern mode of brewing. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans for their drink drew a liquor from barley or other grain and fermented it, so as to make it resemble wine. How deeply our Scandinavian ancestors were imbued with the merits of malt liquor appears from the fact that it was a cardinal point of belief amongst them that quaffing copious draughts of ale formed one of the chief felicities of their heroes in the halls of Odin.

The first mention of ale in English law occurs as early as the Heptarchy, in the laws of Ina, King of Wessex. In Wales, and also in Scotland, it was anciently enacted that “if a farmer hath no mead, he shall pay two casks of spiced ale, or four casks of common ale for one cask of mead.” Ale is expressly named as one of the liquors provided for a royal banquet in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Anciently ale and bread appear to have been associated as equally *victuals*, or absolute necessities of life. That this was the case appears from the assizes or ordinances of bread and ale (*assise panis et cervisie*) which were instituted from time to time, for the purpose of regulating the price and quality of these articles. In 1266, in the reign of Henry III., a statute was passed (the preamble of which alludes to earlier statutes on the same subject) which enacted that “when a quarter of wheat was sold for 3s. or 3s. 4d., and a quarter of barley for 20 pence or 24 pence, and a quarter of oats for 15 pence, brewers in cities could afford to sell two gallons of ale for 1d., and out of cities three gallons for 1d.; and when in a town three gallons are sold for 1d., out of a town they may and ought to sell four.” How completely ale was the national drink of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers is made very apparent by the fact of its incorporation in our language as the equivalent of festival when in combination with other words. Thus bride-ale (bridal) is the feast in honour of the bride, or marriage; similarly we have leet-ale, lamb-ale, Whitsun-ale. A bid-ale was when a poor man, decayed in his substance, was set up again by the contributions of his friends at a Sunday's feast. *Church-Ales*, as they are described by Pierce, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in his answer to the inquiries of Archbishop Laud, “are when the people go from afternoon prayers on Sundays to their lawful sports and pastimes in the churchyard, or in the neighbourhood, or in some public-house where they drink and make merry. By the benevolence of the people at these pastimes, many poor parishes have cast their bells and beautified their churches, and raised stock for the poor.” The people were fond of these recreations, and the bishop recommends them as bringing the people more willingly to church, as tending to civilize them and to compose differences among them, and as serving to increase love and unity.

The period when hops were first introduced into use in England for brewing is involved in much obscurity. On the strength of an old distich—

“Turkeys, carps, hops, piccarel, and beer,  
Came into England all in one year,”

it has been concluded that the hop was first brought into England from Flanders in 1524. Although it is probable that the ale of our early ancestors—at least the great bulk of it—was intended to be drunk sweet and new, and that the term beer is comparatively modern, imported with the use of hops from the Continent, to designate the new liquor, the above date is certainly erroneous, for we read in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, compiled in 1440, and which throws so much light upon the manners of our ancestors in the Middle Ages, “Hoppe seede for beyre.” An ancient municipal record, also under the date 1432, has the following entry:—“Item, payd to Davy, bere brewer, for a pyp of bere that was droncke at the Barrgeate when the furst affray was of the Ffrenshemen, vjs. viij. d.,” and again under the date 1497:—“Half a barrel of doble bere, xxd. Ten gallons peny ale, xd.” We seem here to get an inkling that the hieroglyphic x, xx, and xxx still in use by the London brewers, may possibly have originated



in the practice of writing the price of the ale in Roman numerals when a certain measure of the three qualities in vogue bore the respective prices of x, xx, and xxx pence. Finally, it is certain that hops were cultivated in England in 1463, since there is extant a lease of lands, in Kent, of that date, in which a provision occurs for taking care of the underwood fit for hop poles. Whether hops were in use in England in the time of Chaucer is an open question. The word beer does not occur in his writings, yet it would appear that London ale already possessed a character of its own by which it could be distinguished by connoisseurs; for in the "Canterbury Tales," written about 1395, we read of "the Coke":—

"Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale."

*The Prologue.*

Again the miller in his prologue says:—

"And, therefore, if that I misspeke or say,  
Wite it the ale of Southwark I you pray."

With reference to this discussion we think it may fairly be said that it is one of those cases in which it would not be wise to rely too much upon negative evidence. It must be remembered that we know nothing of the ingredients employed for flavouring the spiced ale mentioned as being rated at half the value of mead and double the value of common ale, and considering that the hop is an indigenous British plant, it is not impossible that it may have entered, in conjunction with alehoof, or ground ivy (which we know to have been used for ale), and other herbs, into the composition in question. However this may be, there is much evidence which seems to point to a great increase in the use of hops in brewing during the fifteenth century, and that, like most new things, whether improvements or otherwise, the innovation encountered violent opposition. Thus, in the reign of Henry VI., Parliament was petitioned against that wicked weed called hops; and in the nineteenth year of Henry VIII. (1528), their antagonists succeeded in getting their use prohibited under severe penalties; and an aleman having brought an action against his brewer for spoiling his ale by putting in a certain weed called a hop, recovered damages. The king had probably been gained over by the opposition; at any rate he appears to have been a victim to these prejudices, for in 1530 he gives an injunction to his brewer not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale. This crusade against hops seems not long to have survived the King. In the reign of Edward VI., in the year 1552, the term *hop-grounds* made its appearance for the first time in English law, and a few years later the merits of hops were so well appreciated that Reynolde Scot says—"If your ale may endure a fortnight, your beere, through the benefit of the hoppe, shall continue a month, and what grace it yieldeth to the taste all men may judge who have sense in their mouths."

In his fondness for malt liquor the Englishman of to-day does not belie his ancestors, but appears fully a match for them, whether Britons, Saxons, or Northmen. Upwards of sixty millions a year—a sum approximating to the amount annually levied by taxation—being expended by him on this truly national beverage. Strange to say, however, its consumption is attended with a curious anomaly. Less than one-half of it is drunk in perfection, or in its best condition, the larger portion becoming more or less flat, hard, and unpalatable, or even sour before it is consumed. From the day of the tapping of the cask, with the gradual entrance of atmospheric air, the liquor undergoes progressive deterioration, first becoming flat and unpalatable, from the loss of its carbonic acid, and then sour, from having its spirit converted into acetic acid by the absorption of oxygen. In fact, day by day, as the palate unpleasantly detects, it may be said to advance one step further on the road to vinegar.

Spring water, the drink provided for man and animals by nature, is always found impregnated with carbonic acid, and it is to this gas it owes its freshness, briskness, agreeable taste, and doubtless an increased suitability for aiding the process of digestion. The precise nature of the assistance contributed by carbonic acid towards this function we are unable to define; but the instinct which finds it grateful, vouches for its utility, and its refreshing and invigorating properties in the case of a jaded stomach are so palpable, as to leave no doubt of its power of influencing the functions of this organ beneficially. Beer or ale, then, which has become stale and flat from the loss of its carbonic acid, is deteriorated no less in its dietetic than in its palatable qualities—a fact confirmed by the circumstance that many who drink bottled ale with a relish, and find it agree with them, can scarcely venture to take draught ale without suffering from headache. In cases of renal disease, also, the condemnation of malt liquor as a beverage applies with twofold force to its

consumption in draught, its injurious tendency in such cases being greatly mitigated, if not removed, by taking it only when charged with carbonic acid so as to be in an effervescing state. The palate, however, pronounces so decidedly in favour of ale that is fresh and brisk with carbonic acid, compared with that which is vapid and flat from the absence of this gas, that no better guide than *taste* need be desired, a fact sufficiently evinced by the large consumption of bottled ale and beer by the public, at a cost of more than double that of the same liquors in draught.

The present price of Bass's or Allsopp's pale ale in wood is 33s. per kilderkin (18 gallons), being 1s. 10d. per gallon; the same quantity of ale in bottle (reputed pints, at 4s. 3d.) costs 76s. 6d., being 4s. 3d. per gallon, or 2½ the price in wood. Those, then, who desire to drink their ale aerated with carbonic acid or effervescing, must add to 1s. 10d. per gallon, the cost in wood, an additional 2s. 5d.; and hence it happens that, in spite of the unequivocal verdict of taste, bottled ale is only *habitually* consumed by the wealthier classes, the great bulk of the people being debarred by motives of economy from taking it, except as an occasional luxury. The public at large not being able to afford to drink the kind they would prefer, fluctuate as an alternative between two evils;—either, on the one hand, they have a small cask of beer, with the result of drinking it fresh and good the first week (or fortnight, according to its quality and the weather), passable the second, and flat and hard the third, with a residue of five per cent. so sour as to be obliged to be thrown away; or, tired of sour beer, they have recourse to the notoriously adulterated mixture of the retailer, and knowingly barter the purity of their liquor for the higher average of freshness and palatability obtained by his more rapid consumption.

Such is the present position of the British public with regard to their national beverage, but such it will remain no longer. An exceedingly simple apparatus has just been invented, by means of which ale on draught may be impregnated with any desired amount of carbonic acid, thus acquiring the sparkling character and valuable dietetic properties of bottled ale, with a decidedly superior flavour, for the carbonic acid, not being produced at the expense of the saccharine matter of the liquor, as in the case of bottled ale, the drink does not undergo that impoverishment or attenuation which, to the palate of many, forms a great drawback to the use of bottled malt liquor. If, as we are assured, draught ale can be aerated in the manner described, and a beverage produced which is universally preferred to bottled ale, at one-tenth the additional cost of the latter, we hope to see the benefit conferred by the invention brought within the reach of all members of the community, and the poorest classes enabled to drink whatever malt liquor they can afford sparkling and effervescing with carbonic acid in its highest state of perfection.

#### THE GAINS OF HUNTING.

AFTER four months' sport, in as continuously open weather as has rarely been known in hunting annals, the hard frosts of the past fortnight have brought a check that can scarcely be unwelcome either to hounds or horses, to whom the season must have proved unusually severe from the heavy state of the country. The thoroughly saturated condition of the land has tested the staying qualities of even the choicest specimens of the stud, who have been compelled to hoist signals of distress long before the usual time, from being well pumped, if not thoroughly pounded, in the stiff plough. With the Cheshire the season has already been prematurely brought to a close, from the same rinderpest reason that has threatened to arrest the meets of various other packs; and, now that Jack Frost has laid his heavy hand on the movements of horses and hounds, and has thus done his best (or worst) to bring the fast-waning season to an immediate close, the frozen-out fox-hunter has thereby been warned that he has had an unusually long innings, and must now retire upon his laurels and fight over his past battles—which if he be a Waterloo (Gorse) hero, he can do with the aid of that capital map wherewith this month's *Baily* has helped to commemorate the famous February 2nd run of that ever-famed pack which Mr. Bright condemned as "curs," and, amid the roars of the House, twice miscalled "the Pitch-ley." As the present time is, therefore, virtually the close of the fox-hunting season, we may appropriately direct our attention to the sport in order to inquire what its gains may be. In a previous article (in our issue for Feb. 3), we saw in what light hunting appears in the eyes of those who are not Nimrods by nature; and in what manner it may be considered as an infectious complaint. But there is another



aspect to the subject; for it may be pleaded by those who have been infected with the malady, that hunting is a sport that possesses many advantages and diffuses numerous benefits, and that its gains far outweigh its losses. We may, then, reconsider the subject from this point of view; and having already noticed what, to the on-lookers and outsiders, appear to be the disagreeables and disadvantages that would make the sport far from being a pleasurable pastime to those who, unlike the late Captain White, entertain a strong objection to breaking every bone in their body in the pursuit of an animal which can only be eaten by dogs, we may now turn to the *per-contra* page and give a rapid glance at that large balance of benefits to which the votaries of the chase so proudly point, in proof that their favourite sport stands well with the world. It is very pleasant to be able to draw well-filled cheques on the Bank of Popularity; and Venator can do this with the full confidence that they will be duly honoured.

What, then, may be the gains of hunting? They are pecuniary as well as physical and social. For, with regard to that threatened stoppage of the sport which at one time during the past season seemed to be generally imminent, it has been stated, on good authority, that such a proceeding would have caused, in the shires alone, a loss in circulation of at least £100,000. Hunting certainly sets money afloat in many ways, and also has the great merit of causing that money to be spent and disseminated within the bounds of the three kingdoms. In England alone it supports upwards of a hundred packs of fox-hounds; Scotland and Ireland contribute at least a score more; and Wales is not unrepresented. Then there are the various other packs of stag-hounds, harriers, and beagles. So that the sport necessarily gives employment to many hundred persons, and provides them with the means of livelihood—from the huntsman and his whips down through all the grades of the stable-yard, to the earth-stopper and that attendant on the culinary department of the kennels who commonly receives the *sobriquet* of "Boiler." Even the Government is a pecuniary gainer from the taxes that it receives from the votaries of the sport; while the consumption of agricultural produce is very largely assisted by that four or five-feed system of horse-keeping that is required in the height of the hunting season. Then, too, hunting not only encourages and improves the breed of horses, but it also provides the dealer and breeder with the best medium for effecting the sale of his stock. How many hundreds of farmers are there who rear hunters as a matter of business, and turn their speculation to a handsome profit; and what better advertisement could they have for that young horse that they have bred and broken, than to ride him in the hunting-field, where all his good qualities will be best displayed, and where he is brought beneath the immediate notice of those purchasers who have the longest purses, and with whom it is most satisfactory to deal. No middle-man or auctioneer is required for the sale; the transaction is the affair of a chat at the covert-side or on the quiet ride home; and the farmer has not only enjoyed his day's sport, but has also disposed of his one or two-hundred-guinea hunter, and has his stall and paddock free for its successor. To the agriculturist not the least gain of hunting is that which goes directly to his purse from the breeding of horses and the consumption of farming produce.

The physical gains of hunting are also considerable; for it is a manly recreation, that is creative of sinew and pluck, and greatly tends to preserve that *mens sana in corpore sano* which, before and since the days of Juvenal, has been the apt expression for the perfection of health. Galen strongly advocated hunting for its sanative purposes; and when Somerville describes his company of riders to hounds, he speaks of them as outwardly evidencing not only happiness but health:—"In each smiling countenance appears fresh-blooming health and universal joy." Even Mr. *Spectator*, who, as we said in our previous article on this subject, looked upon the moving incidents of the field from the safe 'vantage ground of a hill from whence he had a bird's-eye view of the sport, even he, with his mild experience, was so convinced of the salutary effect of the sportsman's occupation, that he said he should prescribe a moderate dose of hunting to his country friends, "as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one." He had in his mind the couplet of Dryden, to the same effect:—

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

And in another of his papers—that on Planting and Plantations—he incidentally mentions that the fact of many country gentlemen having so entirely devoted themselves to field-sports, had given occasion "to one of our most eminent

English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.'" Nevertheless, Mr. *Spectator* was of opinion that "exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body." In fact, the good effect produced upon the bodily frame by hunting pursuits, is self-evident, despite those ugly knocks and severer accidents which must necessarily attend any sport, whether in the field or on the flood, on foot or on horseback. The liability to such accidents calls forth, indeed, at least one half of the best qualities of the rider to hounds, and prepares him for the unflinching encounter with casualty and danger. The spirit that animated those 600 horsemen at Balaklava, as "boldly they rode and well, into the jaws of death," is the self-same invincible feeling of British pluck that carries nearly every fox-hunter to the end of a hard run over a difficult line of country. Much that is demanded of the fighter in the field of battle is also required from the peaceful rider in the hunting-field. The field of war and the field of sport have their physical points in common; so that, in the language of Cervantes' Duke, "Hunting is the most proper exercise for knights and princes; for, in the chase, may be represented the whole art of war—stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion; by this we are inured to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthened, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active; in short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none."

Such are some of the physical and pecuniary gains of hunting. Its social gains are so many and diverse, that their consideration would exceed our present limits. We, therefore, will take another opportunity of reviewing them and concluding the subject. When the season for "them stinking violets" draws nigh, it is time for the fox-hunter to make his adieu, and give place to the patrons of the Turf.

#### DRAMATIC REVIVALS.

THERE is a change in some of our late play bills from which we are inclined to augur better days for the drama. Managers seem to recollect that in the shelves of the theatrical library may be found a few comedies by writers named Sheridan and Goldsmith, who formerly enjoyed a fair reputation for that class of composition. That the managerial mind has only recently been aware of this fact we have reason enough to know. Those who, either professionally or for recreation, have attended our theatres, are acquainted with the sort of thing considered best suited to the standard of our taste. When we had Shakespeare he was almost as much "disfigured" in lime-light moonshine as the personification of the luminary would have been under the advice of Peter Quince. Then there was the run upon Irish heroines who, wooed by peasants of a Boucicaulian order, gurgled into popularity. After which came Dundreary and his relatives, amusing in their way, but calculated to weary on repetition, especially when made the staple of comic papers, and the subjects of imitation by infatuated young men whose mimetic powers bore no proportion to their self-confidence. There was occasionally a something from the French set to English, and as absurd an incongruity as when a foreign and a native singer in our early opera exchanged love passages in their respective languages. It is needless to go through the category. But we put the climax on at burlesque. This delicious entertainment holds its own yet. The intellectual fascination of scanty *maillots*, the facetious repartee of the fiddle, the humorous agony of words hunted and squeezed to death, has a strong hold upon the taste of a British audience. Now, for a change, Sheridan has been laid on. Some time since a cheap paper bought the copyright of "Ivanhoe," and published it in weekly numbers without the author's name. The majority of the subscribers to this journal, it was reported, attributed the tale to a gentleman of the name of Smith, while others inclined to bestow the romance on a favourite contemporary writer of theirs, of unequalled power in murder and mystery. We have heard a similar calumny concerning part of the audience who attended the "School for Scandal," and "She Stoops to Conquer." The universal ignorance touching our thorough English plays is astonishing. There they lie, a wealth of wit, of sage instruction, and of standard language, and unless a star takes it into his head to eschew snuffing Hamlet for a season, and disinters



one for himself to figure in, we have no chance of seeing them. The revival our stage requires is not that which magnifies the gas bill, or the machinist's account. Nor is there a hopeless dearth of histrionic talent. The studies, however, of our actresses and actors are wretchedly directed, their mannerisms are perversely encouraged, and there is a positive premium held out to them for sinning against the artistic purity of their noble calling. What are we to expect when we find a critic using such phrases as "the matchless performance of the beautiful and charming Miss So-and-so," while, on comparing his opinion with our personal experience, we discover that the matchless performance consisted of neither more nor less than a young lady wearing a loose dress tucked up at one side as high as the knee, who concentrates her "matchless" abilities upon the single object of keeping that side turned to the audience. Without ascribing what is termed a mission to the stage, we conceive it has a purpose outside the mere catering for time killers. There ought to be in acting a little more than acting. The players should have a sound part set for them, and not make, mar, mouth, and mug, to bring down the gallery. It is certain that even in the more ambitious of modern comedies the fashion often necessitates farce for humour, and for wit a barren cockneyism, while in unity, or in connection, they fail utterly. You cannot take a character from one of them capable of standing by its inherent strength. You will see it drop, fall in, when drawn from the sticks on which it was laid, like a suit of clothes plucked from a tailor's dummy. Actors must only do the best they can with those characters, and in the effort they now and again succeed in imparting a kind of unnatural, almost Frankenstein vitality to them, which people admire as capital acting, but which in sober truth is only excellent fooling, that is, acting stripped of every shred of the modesty of nature, a bald exhibition of means without an end, an obstinate presentation of the shadow for the substance. If different materials were given those gentlemen to work with, it is possible, nay probable, they would be equal to it. "She Stoops to Conquer" has before now given as good men as they, plenty to do. Why not try "The Beau's Stratagem" also? It would be easy to remove anything which might offend the ears of our generation. We confess also we would desire the joke of "rare" Ben Jonson to lose its point. Arthur Murphy would be quite admissible, and a few of Cumberland's comedies would be worth an experiment. Addison has written a charming piece called the "Drummer,"\* very little known, but which in literary value is superior to "Cato," and far beyond the "Campaign;" indeed we doubt whether in the *Spectator* there are happier specimens of Addison's humour than in this ingenious comedy. At the present time it would decidedly help the anti-spiritual movement. The tattoos of the ghost are to the full as sublime as the raps about which Mr. Deputy Chambers cannot make up his private or judicial opinion. We might enumerate twenty other comedies which were favourites with our great-grandfathers, and which would if revived place our drama upon a decidedly improved basis. We want tonics of this kind. We have swallowed trash enough in all conscience. We are tired of the "Dead Heart" description of tragedy mock-turtle, and we at least ought to be of the broad travesties. Even the declamations of "Irene" or "Pizarro," however weighty, afford room for an actor to do something more than to remain dying on the stage for half an hour in a very life-like manner. Is the "prison scene" always to be retained, and the audience racked with suspense by means of a crank? Congreve, Farquhar, Coleman, and Sheridan, wrote our tongue with a care and purity which would be a positive revelation to people accustomed to sensation spasms and the legalogues of burlesque invention. If it is found that we cannot get on without singing and dancing, let us have a turn once more at those venerable English operettas which give lots of scope for lung and limb. "Inkle and Yarico," "Hero and Leander," "Rosina," and the "Quaker," replete with memories of a tea-cup time, full of clever fancies, quaint conceits, and our own music (not much to speak of, perhaps, but still our own), deserve a trial once again. So, also, would we urge a plea for old farces. It may be said against them that they are to some extent pieces of occasion, and die with their day; but we might point out a few of Garrick's, and of Colman's, which are not much the worse for their antiquity. And surely they could in no case be inferior to the modern rattle and giggle, which passes for farce. The hat-crushing, plate-smashing, and Mortonic equivoques, might occasionally give way for "All the World's a Stage," "The First Floor," or the "Mayor of

Garratt," and we can assure the reader the change would be a relief. It is in the eighteenth century farce you hear sharp ringing epigrams, and brisk cut-and-thrust word-combats, and the characters positively manage to be funny without pea-green trousers. What will be guessed from the blarney half-slang nonsense we are accumulating for individual actors to lug in a speciality by the head and shoulders, even as Mr. Vincent Crummles would have Nicholas Nickleby write a drama to suit his pump? Many of them are insulting to the sense of an audience, and in thus preferring the revival of earlier pieces we do so on the plain and distinct ground that if contrasted with what we are obliged to endure, they would in every respect have the advantage of the comparison. The violent realism of our day, its violent sentimentality, too, the vague emotion-straining, has impaired dramatic craftsmanship seriously. Our pleasures are either convulsive or dead-lively. That hearty humour which was bequeathed to us by Chaucer has sickened on foreign airs, and mostly on the metaphysical sausages of Germany. We have become subjective, objective, eclectic, and æsthetic; and we cannot write a farce or a drama worth printing. The dialogue in our plays has become either talk, and stupid talk, or worse. Dramatists endeavouring to be natural (so they say), succeed in being uncommonly dull. They won't write witty dialogue because it is not natural. We only wish they would try; at present they do not dazzle with excess of light. It would not suit us to name the modern authors who are deliberately prosy, but we have no hesitation in saying that the manner in which they conceal their talents has all the tokens of being born with them; there is a native spontaneity about it. They have had numberless opportunities, and we cannot congratulate them on their legitimate successes. Let our managers once more try back seventy or eighty years, and the public will then learn to know and appreciate an English play.

#### POOR RELATIONS.

POVERTY is not in itself a disgrace, and yet it is often treated as one. In our workhouses and streets, and in society generally, it has to bear the stigma of reproach. This is partly because it is generally associated in men's minds with idleness in some shape or form; and partly because it is suggestive of a probable assault on the pockets of the wealthy. It has become almost a national principle to look upon the poor as an evil, and to treat them as evil-doers. To be the recipient of the bounties of the rich, and of the compassion of the pitiful, to wait upon the caprice of the prosperous and on the leisure of the idle is not a pleasant ingredient in the life of any man. It has also a debasing influence on the mind and character. To feel that it is impossible to get beyond the circle of charity cannot fail to eat out, in time, that spirit of independence which is one of the greatest treasures of their life, and by no means the exclusive property of any particular class. Every one who has health and strength has within himself the sources of wealth. They are the capital out of which a man may make his fortune, or, at least, keep himself free of obligations which he cannot repay. Gifts of mind and intellect, united with activity of body, increase the opportunities of success. But "the race is not always to the swift." The cycle of success and failure is continually revolving. Unlooked-for adversity displaces those who have been less fortunate than their competitors, while successful enterprise and patient industry work their revolutions in society. There is no greater mistake than to overstrain the application of general rules, and to argue that, because many prefer idleness to work, there is no such thing as a blameless adversity. It is one of the misfortunes of this country that wealth has become the idol of its worship. Exalted as we are among nations, we have grown to exaggerate the importance of riches, and to honour men for their wealth alone. Money is the parent of that respectability which is so dear to an Englishman, and the homage that is universally paid to it directs men's energies to its source. Deep down in the heart of this country mammon-worship exists. It pervades all classes, and a successful "millionaire" can command more attention than is due either to his moral or intellectual qualities; while, on the other hand, a man of the most exalted rank and of blameless life, if overtaken by adversity, sinks below his "caste," and drops silently, but surely, out of notice. The actual representative of honour and wealth is the universal object of reverence. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The most popular sovereign is held in but faint remembrance in the presence of his successor. The last note of the Dead March has scarcely sounded ere the Coronation Anthem bursts forth, and the last

\* Suggested, we believe, by the strange revelations of the Rev. Mr. Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to James I., concerning the "drummer of Tedworth."



boom of the passing bell is quickly succeeded by the joyful peal which announces the dawn of a new era. It is in and for the present that most men live. The spirit of selfishness is strong, and wealth ministers to it. Our tendency is to shut out from view all that is unsightly, and nothing more offends the eye of prosperity, or more interferes with its proprieties than poverty. In all its aspects it is repulsive to the man of the world. The merits of a poor man are generally lost sight of in his poverty. It is only when he ceases to be poor that they are recognised.

Of all the sufferers from the prevailing contempt for poverty, none feel it more acutely than "poor relations." It is not at all improbable that this may arise in some degree from mistaken tactics on the part of the "poor relations" themselves. But, anyhow, theirs is a position of great difficulty, and oftentimes of great unmerited suffering. In nine cases out of ten they are made to feel that they are on sufferance, are a kind of upper servants in the houses of their rich relations. They are expected to come and go at every nod; to fetch and carry; to do all the disagreeable and dull things which other people do not like to do; to chaperone the young; to twaddle with the old; to be the bear-leaders of the bores; to take the rejected parts in tableaux and charades; to paint the scenes and make the dresses; to sing and play according to the mood of the company; to be here, there, and everywhere, always at hand and never in the way; in short, to make themselves generally useful. When their special qualifications are in requisition there is no one so "dear," so "darling," so "nice," so "clever," so "charming in every way." But all these varied charms, gifts, and graces are quickly forgotten when there is no longer any need for them. They vibrate between petting and snubbing, and must be content to be taken up and dropped at pleasure. In the sick room their presence is hailed as a blessing; but no sooner is the invalid restored to health than all their tender nursing and watchful care are forgotten. Is it a question of a companion being wanted during some temporary banishment from home under medical advice?—Some "poor relation" quickly rises up into remembrance, and her companionship is sought after in a way that brooks no denial; but when her services are no longer required she is cast off and laid aside like an old glove that has served its purpose. The position of "poor relations" is forlorn and difficult. Brought up perhaps in the lap of luxury, a change of dynasty has deprived them of the comforts and the *entourage* which always belong to an honoured house. Narrow means limit them in the choice of a home, and, if compelled to live beyond the circle of their former friends, they soon cease to be remembered, or are only tolerated, at rare intervals, when other society is not attainable. Unwilling to lose sight altogether of familiar scenes and faces, they become perhaps too subservient, and are too ready to accept a position which is in every way inferior to their claims. Yet if they are disposed to resent any slight, over-sensitiveness and touchiness are laid to their charge. Abundant consolation, however, is given to them in the shape of advice; and varied suggestions, economic and otherwise, are not wanting to fill up the measure of their contentment.

"Poor relations" come in for their share of that dislike which is evoked by every phase of poverty. Yet it cannot be denied that there may be some reason for it. There is, not unfrequently, a disposition on their part to magnify their claims upon their rich relations, to sponge upon them, and make capital out of their relationship. An impression exists in men's minds that there is some affinity between "need" and "greed," and they draw back from everything that is suggestive of an appeal *ad misericordiam*. In the presence of his poor relations a rich man buttons up his pockets and acts on the defensive. He is afraid of an assault, and prepares himself accordingly; but let them show that they manfully accept their position and are willing to make the best of it; that they are ready to help themselves in some of the many ways which are, in these days, opened to all men for raising themselves above the necessities of their position, and they will disarm him of his fears and will win his respect and esteem. It is when people resolutely refuse to accept their lot that it becomes a misery to them; but when they accept it and show that all they desire is work and no favour, even failure loses half its bitterness. It is quite true that "poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows;" that it brings together those who would not otherwise meet; that adversity alienates more than it attracts; but, in spite of all that, we maintain that the loss of "caste," if circumstances make it unavoidable, is not such an irreparable evil because every grade of society has its own peculiar and distinctive advantages which are well worth searching after by those whose lot is cast in it.

## OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

A QUESTION of considerable importance in its bearing upon the Oxford Examinations was promulgated in Congregation on the 6th instant. The change proposed was that undergraduates should be permitted to offer themselves for moderations in their fifth term from matriculation, instead of being obliged to defer it till their seventh term at the earliest, as ruled by the existing statutes. This change, which appears a very slight one when thus simply stated, does really imply many radical alterations. It was, therefore, most unsatisfactory to find a small gathering of not more than some five and twenty members of congregation when the question was brought forward. And this small attendance was probably due not to a want of interest in so important a subject, but from the very unintelligible form in which such changes are put forward by the Hebdomadal Council. As one speaker observed on that occasion, the paper containing this amended statute gave really no account of itself; the cabalistic form in which the proposal was couched could only be comprehended by a careful comparison, page by page and word by word, with the Statute-book; and such a comparison is by no means an easy task, as the editions of that monument of wisdom are endless: copies containing important differences being occasionally issued in the same year. Nor did the speaker exaggerate the state of the case, as a specimen sentence will show:—

"Placuit Universitati:—

"Stat. Tit. VI. (IX.) II. § 3. 3 (p. 89, ed. 1864) verba,  
'septimum, se examinandum stiterit' abrogare,  
et in eorum locum subrogare verba,  
quintum, nomen suum coram Procuratore professus fuerit."

and so on. Now, surely, it would be better in every case for such papers to have a few words prefixed or appended in English, stating concisely the intentions of the proposed change—e.g., "It has been suggested that the earliest term in which the first public examination may be passed should be the fifth instead of the seventh; this would necessitate the following alterations in the Statutes," and then the "Cabalistic form" could proceed. But till such a system is invariably followed, many men will be sure to miss some interesting discussion, because they have not been duly apprized of it beforehand. It is no answer to say that any one who takes an interest in the University will always open his statute-book and work out the bearing of each "Cabalistic" formula; it is not likely that he will always do so, partly because the papers may be brought to him at a moment when he is particularly occupied, and so they get put aside, and partly because nine-tenths of such papers do not repay nor require working out, being merely formal, or at any rate unimportant. Still, in every instance it would be a great boon to be able to see at a glance for what purpose congregation is summoned.

To return to the recently proposed change. The advantages and disadvantages which it is considered to carry with it are somewhat as follows:—

The supporters of it maintain that it will enable classmen to take their degree in their sixteenth term, as the interval between Moderations and Great Go will be long enough for that purpose if Moderations are done with in the fifth term. They hold, too, that work for Moderations is merely an extension of the classical work taught in schools, and a man *ought* to be fit for that examination by his fifth term; whereas the work for Great Go is nearly all new to him, and the longer time he can give to it the better.

Another advantage would be that a man with little taste for scholarship might at once begin to prepare for the Great Go schools, taking a pass in Moderations in his fifth term, but not troubling himself further with *pure* scholarship work.

The passman, too, would be a gainer, as he would then be able to take his degree in his twelfth term, that is, during residence in college rooms. The change would thus diminish expense, and would be a help to the maintenance of discipline; it would also save him from that long period of almost necessary idleness which ensues if he passes his Little Go in his first term, and cannot offer himself for Moderations before his seventh.

On the other side it is rejoined that the classical work necessary for a first class in Moderations is not a mere extension of school work, but a different and a higher training in scholarship and comparative philology; that the change is a concession to the Great Go schools at the expense of the scholarship schools and prizes; as it is allowed that accurate scholarship is by no means a *sine qua non* for a first class in Great Go in the *Literæ Humaniores* school; that it would be very prejudicial to the interests of scholarship to give an opening for shirking the severest part of the classical work for Moderations, a tendency which certainly exists and which some tutors diligently foster, such as the substitution of "Aristophanes" for "Æschylus" or "Sophocles," or the wholesale importation of Great Go books into the Moderations school; that what would be an unoubted relief to the passman would often be a serious harm to the classman, and the legislation of the University must not seek the exclusive interests of the former. It is also felt that a change which appears in the form of a permission will soon harden into a rule; indeed, it was definitely proposed in Congregation that the margin within which Moderations may be passed should be abridged by two terms at the other end as well; the result of which would be that Moderations would lose two terms absolutely, if once consent is obtained to sacrifice them potentially.

Thus it seems there is a good deal to be said on either side; but there is this injustice done to scholarship since the changes introduced by the Commission: it is always considered that its statu



in the University curriculum is so important and so established that there is no fear of anything being passed prejudicial to its interests. There is no greater danger to which any interest is liable than when its position and its prosperity are thus taken for granted. On that belief, there have been immense efforts made to give a due position to other studies in the University, and rightly too; but certainly no corresponding efforts are made to improve and aggrandise the position of scholarship. It is slipping out of the final schools, and an attempt is being made to shoulder it out of Moderations; and if any one ventures to advocate its cause, it is considered as inconsistent with a liberal view of University education. Let us at any rate try our present system a little longer; we are scarcely shaken down into our places yet, and this constant tinkering leaves us no time to see what is good and what is the reverse.

By the way, a strongly Conservative journal has devoted an article to the analysis of the Oxford congregation which appeared in a recent "University Letter" in the LONDON REVIEW. We do not find any fault with its slight differences in calculation, and give our best thanks for one remark which brings the whole question to a point. It is said there, that the idle and suburban M.A.'s are not numerous, and do not take the trouble to come and vote. That is precisely what they rejoice to do, and what they are vigorously whipped up to do on any excitement, and thus they often manage to turn the scale by a small majority on a question which ought to have been purely educational, but which is transformed for the occasion into one strongly political.

Mr. H. P. Liddon's Bampton Lectures, the first of which was delivered on the 4th inst., cause certainly no ordinary excitement in the University. The well-known eloquence of the preacher, combined with the deep interest of the subject, is quite sufficient reason for this. It is indeed rare for such a subject as the Divinity of Christ to be committed to so remarkable an orator. In listening to Mr. Liddon's impassioned rhetoric we almost seem to forget that it is an Englishman who addresses us; he has all the intensity of action and delivery that is found among some of the preachers of France; indeed he has doubtless studied directly in that school of eloquence. One peculiar fascination in his discourses is the contrast between the wonderful energy of his manner and the extreme delicacy of his physique and paleness of feature. You insensibly feel that you listen to a man who should be carefully tending his health at home—unless, in somewhat of an apostolic sense, he felt that there "is a necessity laid upon me—woe is me! if I preach not the Gospel." And this absorbing earnestness which is thrown into every accent may well attract the crowds who hang upon his words when he preaches. A quarter of an hour before the commencement of service last Sunday there was not a single seat left unoccupied in the undergraduates' gallery. And the throngs which fill St. Mary's Church every Wednesday and Friday night during Lent, to hear the preachers selected by the Bishop of Oxford, ought to be sufficient answer to the opponents of the University sermons, that men will attend them gladly when they expect to be repaid by what they hear.

To say that your correspondent was on the Christ Church ground during the whole time of the Inter-University sports, is only to say that he did like the rest of the world. There must have been 10,000 visitors present, and this number would have been supplemented by a very large gathering of ladies had the weather been a little more propitious. As it was, the waiting between the races chilled the very marrow. The longest time was of course spent in deciding the hammer-throwing, the weight-putting and the high and long jump; portions of the entertainment invisible to five-sixths of the visitors, as a dense ring of crowding bodies forms round the spot, and whoever has not secured a place in the front row sees only the hammer fly through the air without knowing where it falls, and sees nothing at all of the rest. The majority of the spectators would have equal satisfaction if these executions took place in private, and the results were officially announced. But by the exertions of the stewards the course was so arranged that everybody could see the races, till, in the great event of the day, excitement proved too much and there was a rush made during the last lap, every one desiring to be close to the winning post at the finish. It is a remarkable sight to see a group of runners keep so close together for a heavy two-mile course, and for such a race to end in a dead heat at a very severe pace is a still more wonderful feature. The actual time was given as 10m. 17s., being rather more than has been quoted in the public prints. Oxford men were much astonished at the failure of the Cambridge champion Mr. Lawes, whose fame had been so widely disseminated, and who had preferred his chance as a runner to his place in the University Eight. It is strange that such a veteran should have overtrained, so as to be unable to run in the second race at all. Indeed we had no idea that so many of the racing prizes would fall to our share; there was a sort of belief that Cambridge would have had it all her own way in the running, while we booked ourselves for the minor athletic events. But the fortune of war just reversed all previous calculations.

The last scene upon the ground was the intense excitement round the pavilion, where all the world was waiting to hear the decision of the stewards as to the result of the two-mile race, which it was known lay between Laing of Oxford and Long of Cambridge. Like the Ephesians who called out Diana's name for two hours, so did these youths vociferate in every tone—Laing! Long! Long! Laing! and when the decision was announced—a dead heat—it is difficult to say whether everybody was delighted or everybody vexed.

Oxford has expressed much sympathy with the sister-university in the great loss which she has sustained in the death of Dr. Whewell: a loss to which we could find no parallel here. There is no Head nor any other person in Oxford in whom it could be said so much centred and whose influence was so widely felt.

#### THE LATE DR. WHEWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In justice to the memory of Mr. Jacob, whose eminence at the Chancery Bar is well remembered in his profession, I beg to be allowed to correct the errors respecting his Senior Wranglership in 1816, which have appeared in the memoirs given, by yourself among others, of the late illustrious and lamented Dr. Whewell. Jacob's victory over Whewell in the matter spoken of was won in the fairest and most straightforward manner; Jacob pursued his studies steadily, but not over laboriously, and always in his own rooms—nowhere else.

He never used horse exercise, never appeared in hunting garb, nor ever affected to follow the hounds, or be otherwise than a regular reading man. He was as a youth, and through life, of a perfectly open, frank, manly character. When he gained his University honours the Moderators, Drs. Bland and French (not Miles, as given in the LONDON REVIEW), pronounced his triumph unquestionable, and his merit in it far more than ordinary—he was then under twenty years of age. I claim to speak with authority on these points, for through all the days of undergraduateship I was intimate with both Whewell and Jacob, being of the same year, and of the same set, as both of them, also of the same College as Jacob, and having through those days lived with him in the closest daily companionship.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Great Stukeley Vicarage,  
Huntingdon, March 12, 1866.

J. C. EBDEN.

#### THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

NO. XL.—THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DUBLIN—CONFISCATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY—UTILITY OF MONASTERIES—NOTHING IN THEIR STEAD—OBSTINACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS—CONVERSION OR EXTERMINATION—WAR—FAMINE—PESTILENCE—PENAL CODE—ITINERANT ALTARS IN DUBLIN—THE POPULAR CHURCH INVISIBLE AND ITS CLERGY OUTLAWS—PUBLIC WORSHIP PERMITTED BY LORD CHESTERFIELD IN 1745—TIMIDITY OF THE HIERARCHY OF THAT DAY—STATE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME IN DUBLIN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY—MIRACULOUS PROGRESS DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS—STATISTICS OF ITS PRESENT STATE—CONTRASTED WITH THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH—A PROTESTANT DEAN'S VIEW OF THE THREE HUNDRED YEARS' EXPERIMENT.

AFTER a vacancy of almost seventy years, during which, writes Dr. Moran, "the see of Dublin groaned under the usurped authority of the three first Protestant bishops, who without any spiritual jurisdiction and as mere Government agents enjoyed its temporalities, Catholic prelates were again, through the paternal providence of the Roman Pontiff, appointed to govern the diocese; but such was the violence of persecution, that for more than a century after the death of Elizabeth, the canonically appointed archbishops died either in prison or in exile." All this time, and down to the repeal of the penal laws, the tenacity with which the people of Dublin adhered to the old faith is something astonishing. In the year 1536, the first grant of religious houses was made to the King by the authority of the Irish Parliament. According to Archbishop Loftus's MS. in Marsh's Library, cited in Mant's history, this grant comprised 370 monasteries, whose yearly value amounted to £32,000, while their moveables were at the same time rated at £100,000. In the following year, by virtue of a commission under the great seal of England, eight abbeys were suppressed; and in 1538, a further order was issued for the suppression of all the monasteries and abbeys. It was a considerable time before this order could be fully carried out, but in Dublin and the neighbouring counties the words of Marsham, a Protestant writer, would have been applicable: nothing remained in the monasteries "besides battered walls and deplorable ruins. The most august churches and stupendous monuments, under the specious pretence of superstition are most filthily defiled, and expecting utter destruction. Horses are stabled at the altar of Christ, and the relics of martyrs are dug up." The Lord Deputy and the Council pleaded with the English Government that at least six houses might be permitted to stand—Grace Dieu, in the county of Dublin;



Connall, in the county of Kildare; Kenleys and Jerpoint, in the county of Kilkenny, because there being no inns in the country they served the purposes of hotels, entertaining the king's deputy, his council, officers, and attendants, gratuitously, whenever they went that way. "Also in them young men and children, both gentlemen's children and others, both of mankind and womankind, be brought up in virtue, learning, and in the English tongue and behaviour, to the great charge of the said houses; that is to say, the womankind of the whole Englishery of this land for the most part in the said nunnery, and the mankind in the other said houses. And in the said house of St. Mary's Abbey hath been the common resort of all such of reputation as hath repaired thither out of England. And in Christ Church, parliaments, councils, and the common resorts in term time for definitions of all matters by judges and learned men, is for the most part used. Also at every hosting, road, and journey, the said houses, at their proper costs, findeth as many men of war as they are appointed by the king's deputy." So wrote, on the 21st of May, 1539, the Lord Deputy Gray, and the three justices, Aylmer, Luttrell, and Howth; but the archbishop, the chancellor, and Brabazon, under-treasurer, although they agreed in opinion with the other members of the council, refused to sign the memorial, because they were named commissioners for the suppression. The abbot of St. Mary's also sent over a petition, in which he said, "Verily we be but stewards and purveyors to other men's uses for the king's honour, keeping hospitality, and many poor men, scholars, and orphans." It appears from these documents that those religious houses, whatever might have been their abuses, were in many respects useful institutions, well suited to the times. When they were destroyed, no other institutions to meet the wants of the country were established in their stead, and the men who were most active in the work of demolition obtained the confiscated estates as their own private property.

Such proceedings were not likely to help the reformers in converting the natives; on the contrary, they caused them to appear in the light of great criminals, who had not only violated natural justice, but added sacrilege to plunder. Accordingly, Archbishop Brown complained, in his letters to Lord Cromwell, that the Irish were more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs of the primitive Church, and that Rome had great favour for this nation "purposely to oppose his Highness the King." Therefore he said his hope was lost. Even the prebendaries of St. Patrick's "thought scorn to read" the new prayers; and though there were twenty-eight of them all having country parishes, there was scarcely one of them that favoured God's work. Instead of winning the natives over to England by means of religion, the Government policy actually united the two races against England. "It is observed," wrote Archbishop Brown to Lord Cromwell, "that ever since his Highness's ancestors had this nation in possession, the old natives have been craving foreign powers to assist and rule them, and both English race and Irish begin to oppose your Lordship's orders, and to lay aside their national old quarrels, which I fear will, if anything will, cause a foreigner to invade this nation." Then as to the social effect of the changes, he said in a subsequent letter, "Since ever I heard the name of Ireland first, the country was never farther out of order." Another member of the Government wrote to Cromwell, "Here as yet the blood of Christ is clean blotted out of all men's hearts, except the Archbishop," &c. None, from the highest to the lowest, spiritual or temporal, "would abide the hearing of God's Word." Again Robert Cowley, in the same year, wrote, expressing his sorrow to hear how "the Papistical sect springs up and spreads abroad, infecting the land pestiferously." Many testimonies to the same effect may be found in the State papers, and in Shirley's "Collection of Original Letters." In 1564 Archbishop Curwin gives a curious reason against converting St. Patrick's cathedral into a university:—

"A university here will be unprofitable, for the Irish enemy, under colour of study, would send their friends hither, who would learn secrets of the country and advertise them thereof, so that the Irish rebels should by them know the secrets of the English Pale."

Even when forced under penalties to attend the parish churches, the natives used their own religious symbols, the crucifix, the beads, the Litanies, and pictures of the Saints. Notwithstanding the proscription of the Irish language, it irresistibly encroached on the English quarters, so that in 1575 Stainhurst wrote that it was "free denized in the English Pale, and took such deep root that the body which was before

whole and sound, became by little and little in a manner wholly putrified."

Nearly a century after this, the author of "Cambrensis Eversus" said:—"The Irish language is that which all of us to this day drink in on our mother's breasts. Except the inhabitants of Dublin, Drogheda, and Wexford, and their immediate vicinities, the only knowledge we have of English is what we learn in schools." The Lord Deputy Sussex complained, in 1562, that the State Church was abused by the Papists, and that the people, utterly devoid of religion, came to divine service as to a May game, sometimes spilling the wine from the communion-cup, and flinging the sacramental bread at one another. Captain Lee wrote to Elizabeth, in 1594, that even the "Palesmen," who were servants of the Court, as soon as they had brought the Lord Deputy to the church door, departed "as if they were wild cats." The conforming clergy were spoken of as "old bottles," which could not hold the new wine of Protestantism, as "dumb dogs, disguised dissemblers, and lurking Papists." Archbishop Loftus petitioned to be relieved from the intolerable burden of Armagh, as it was neither worth anything to him, nor was he able to do any good in it, as it lay altogether among the Irish. "Oh, what a sea of troubles I have entered into!" exclaimed the Bishop of Meath, "storms arising on every side; the ungodly lawyers are not only sworn enemies to the truth, but also for lack of due execution of law the overthrowers of the country. The ragged clergy are stubborn and ignorantly blind, so there is left little hope of their amendment. The simple multitude is, through continual ignorance, hardly to be won, so that I find *angustie undique*." This was Dr. Brady, who subsequently complained that he had no alternative but unbounded hospitality, or else "infamy and discredit, for these people will have the one or the other. I mean, they will either eat my meat and drink, or else myself." Archbishop Loftus strongly advised coercion to bring the people to church. They were poor and dreaded fines, and the most obstinate might be sent over to England. "If it be objected," he said, "that this severe course may perhaps breed some stirs, I assure your lordship there is no dread of any such matter, for they are but beggars, and if once they perceive a thorough resolution to deal roundly with them, they will both yield and conform themselves; and this course of reformation the sooner it is begun the better it will prosper, and the longer it is deferred the more dangerous it will be." Seven years later he reported that while the English army, munitions, and treasures were failing, the rebels were increased and grown insolent; and he added—"I see no other course for this cursed country but pacification, until hereafter, when the fury is passed, her Majesty may, with more convenience, correct the heads of these traitors."

After this came civil war and the awful desolation of the country by famine and pestilence, which has been described by the poet Spenser in his "State of Ireland." When the English soldiers entered "the enemy's country" they were surprised to find the land well manured and tilled, the fields well fenced, the roads and pathways well beaten, the towns populous, and the land well cropped. The soldiers of the invaders set about cutting down with their swords all the enemy's corn, to the value of £10,000, in the one district of Leix. In Ulster the same plan was adopted to produce a famine, and during the next spring the inhabitants were effectually prevented from sowing and cultivating their lands. The ploughs, which were numerous, ceased to go, the cattle disappeared, the towns were burned, and the country was reduced to a desert. In Munster the same plan was so successfully adopted that the Lord-Deputy could not get food for his horses till the grass had time to grow. The uniform accounts which the destroyers gave of the prosperous state of the country beyond the Pale are very remarkable. Let one or two suffice. One of the agents in this work wrote:—"On entering O'Kane's country, we found it large and full of houses and corn; we divided ourselves, and set a compass about, so as at night we met together and encamped in the midst of the country, each troop having fired the houses and corn they met withal, which I never saw in more abundance." Sir Arthur Chichester relates that when he landed in Ulster, in May, 1600, "the country abounded with houses, corn, cattle, and a people who had been bred up in arms, and flushed with former victories; but he left the country desolate and waste, and the people upon it enjoying nothing, but as fugitives and what they obtained by stealth." Lord Mountjoy did the same thing in his part of the country, and wrote that he had succeeded, "by the grace of God, as near as he could, in utterly wasting the country of Tyrone." Pestilence and famine did the rest, and the end was that both

\* Original Letters and Papers in Illustration of the History of the Church in Ireland during the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Edited, with Notes from Autographs in the State Paper Office. By Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A.

\* Shirley, pp. 187-191.



the spoiler and the spoiled were involved in like calamity. The famine was so dreadful that children were found feeding on the bodies of their dead mothers; but there was no longer any lack of food for the Lord-Deputy's horses, for the grass grew luxuriantly in the deserted streets and squares of the ruined towns, and there were no cattle left to feed upon the meadows.

We say nothing of the massacres perpetrated by the English soldiers or the outrages inflicted upon the monks and nuns. But why do we allude at all to these barbarous atrocities? Because they resulted from the insane attempt to force the religion, language, and habits of England upon the Irish nation. This led to combinations against the English Government with foreign intervention, and this again led to a systematic devastation which would have disgraced the worst Government in Asia or Africa. And what did the newly-established religion gain by this tremendous infliction, this elaborate attempt to exterminate a whole people? Nothing whatever in the way of sincere conversion, little in the way of nominal conformity, while the Protestantism was loaded with such odium that its diffusion through the country was rendered a moral impossibility even to this day. Sir Arthur Chichester was heard repeatedly to exclaim "that he knew not how this attachment to the Catholic faith was so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Irish, unless it were that the very soil was infected and the very air tainted with Popery; for they obstinately prefer it to all things else—to allegiance to their king, to respect for his ministers, to the care of their own posterity, and to all their hopes and prospects." McGeoghegan asserts that during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I., not sixty of the Irish embraced the Protestant religion. In Ireland, indeed, as has been well remarked by an able writer, "the Reformation would have been more truly called 'the Confiscation.'" There is at this moment scarcely an Irish nobleman, inheriting an ancient property, who does not owe the bulk of it to the confiscated lands of the Church. And what was the consequence to the Church? The accounts in the extant visitation returns, of the spiritual destitution of the Irish parishes, and of the miserable poverty of the Irish clergy in the two centuries which followed the Reformation, are truly marvellous. Churches ruined, glebe lands violently seized, the clergy without houses, their lives threatened by the landowners lest they should perchance reside although without houses, and thus recover the spoliated property or prevent further encroachments,—such was the Irish Church in the time of Bramhall. And we may add that in much later times the same body of Irish proprietors, acting together in their Dublin Parliament, exempted from tithes their own demesnes and the immense tracts which they had converted into grazing, having evicted the people. They thus threw the whole burden of the Protestant Establishment on the Roman Catholic tillers of the soil, who had to give the tenth of their produce, under the tithe proctor system, to the clergy of those very nobility and gentry who enjoyed the estates of the Church. We do not wonder, therefore, to find a candid Roman Catholic writer remarking that "no measures appear to have been left untried by the English officials to estrange the Irish from the Reformed Church and to excite them to revolts, the forfeitures consequent on which were usually devoted to the aggrandizement of those hirelings. In the mean time the Catholic princes of Europe found it their interest to stir up dissensions among the Irish, who were led to suppose that the attempts made to wound England through Ireland were the results of religious sympathy. The friars and priests became the trusted agents and emissaries of the Irish chiefs, to whom they were naturally endeared by a community of country, language, and religion; a complete change also took place in the policy of the Roman Court, and, from the time when England cast off their supremacy, the Popes became the partizans of the native Irish, whom they had before treated so superciliously. All these points remain to be fully investigated and fairly brought forward by the future ecclesiastical historian."\*

The triumph of Protestantism at the revolution of 1688 sealed the fate of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and the penal code which followed deprived them of the power of making any organized resistance to the Government down to the beginning of the present century. Part of that code was directed particularly against the priesthood. It was made a felony, punishable with death, for a priest to celebrate marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic; and the law presumed and concluded that the priest so acting knew that one of the parties was a Protestant, unless he produced a certificate under the hand and seal of the Protestant minister of the parish that the party was not a Protestant at the time of the marriage. But

there was no obligation or penalty imposed upon him to give such a certificate. Priests were made liable to imprisonment for not disclosing the secrets of the confessional, if required to do so, in a court of justice. They were prevented by law from attending Catholic soldiers or sailors to administer the rites of their religion. Their obscure places of worship had no legal protection, and the priests were interdicted from receiving any endowment or permanent provision, while they were made liable to the payment of a bachelor's tax.

It is not easy for even the most bigoted Protestant to avoid having his heart softened by the condition of the Roman Catholics in Dublin towards the close of the last century—and by the difficulties under which their devoted clergy laboured to maintain the influence of religion among their flocks. In describing that state of things we do not take as our guides Roman Catholic writers whose feelings might be supposed to give a deceptive colouring to their narratives. What follows is based upon records furnished by clergymen of the Established Church. One of these refers to the existence in Dublin of Roman Catholic schools, supported by the Roman Catholics themselves, in the early part of this century, as "a striking feature in the toleration of the present day" (A.D. 1818). He then proceeds to state that, while the penal laws were in force, the Roman Catholic clergy were obliged to administer spiritual consolation to their flocks "rather according to their temporary convenience than any systematic plan. No places of public worship were permitted, and the clergyman moved his altar, books, and everything necessary for the celebration of his religious rites from house to house, among such of his flock as were enabled in this way to support an itinerant domestic chaplain; while for the poorer part *some waste house or stable in a remote or retired situation* was selected, and here the service was silently and secretly performed, unobserved by the public eye. But the spirit of toleration had already gone abroad, and an incident furnished a pretext for allowing places of public worship while yet the statutes proscribed them. The crowds of poor people who flocked to receive the consolations of their religion were too great for the crazy edifices to contain or support them, and serious accidents, attended by the loss of sundry lives, occasioned by the falling down of these places of resort, called for the interference of a humane Government. In the year 1745 Lord Chesterfield, then Viceroy of Ireland, permitted these congregations to assemble in more safe and public places. The old edifices, consecrated to public worship, were reopened, and new ones gradually built in the city. And a further toleration was allowed to their clergy, unmolested to distribute their flocks in such parochial districts as might be consecrated for their attendance."\*

The rev. author, who was vicar of St. Catherine's, remarks, that the occasion of the reopening of the chapels was "well remembered by sundry old men in Dublin, not long since dead." There was a minute account of this social revolution given in Latin by Dr. Burke, afterwards bishop of Ossory, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*. He spoke rather too freely of the penal code for the spirit of that age; and the consequence was that the "titular bishops" met at Thurles, and held a synod, very different from the "synod of Thurles" which some years ago condemned the Queen's Colleges. A declaration was published, signed by seven prelates, censuring the principles of the book, because they said "they weaken and subvert allegiance, raise unnecessary scruples in the minds of people, and give a handle to those who differ in religious opinions to impute maxims that we entirely reject as not founded in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church."

The new parochial districts were Arran-quay, Mary's-lane, Liffey-street, Townsend-street, Rosemary-lane, Bridge-street, Francis-street, Meath-street, James's-street, and Hardwick-street; nine chapels altogether. There were besides, half a century ago, six friaries and seven nunneries, containing about 80 nuns. The number of secular or parochial clergy was 70, and of regulars belonging to the different "friaries," 40; that is, the total number of priests in Dublin half a century ago was 110. The penal acts of Queen Anne, forbidding Roman Catholics to teach school even in private houses, was repealed by 21st Geo. III., which allowed "a Popish master" to teach, if he took the oath of allegiance, and received no Protestant child into his school. Two years later such teachers were relieved from the necessity of taking out a licence. The consequence was a rapid multiplication of schools, the work of education being chiefly in the hands of monks and nuns.

A few years later—in 1821—another Protestant clergyman, the Rev. G. N. Wright, described the state of the Roman

\* History of the City of Dublin. By the Rev. J. Whitelaw and the Rev. R. Walsh. Vol. II., p. 806.

\* The Irish Quarterly Review, No. V., p. 214.



Catholic Church in Dublin. He remarked that there were only three of the chapels deserving of notice for architecture—the Metropolitan Chapel, in Marlborough-street; Ann-street Chapel, in lieu of Mary's-lane; and St. Michael's and St. John's, in lieu of Rosemary-lane, on Essex's Quay. He also alludes to the penal laws, and says that while they lasted, even the rich who supported chaplains as part of their households, counted their beads in silence and retirement, adding that even yet the Catholics were not permitted to summon their congregations by the toll of the bell.

Mr. Wright gives a description of the Marlborough-street Metropolitan Church, a magnificent structure, which was commenced in 1816, on a plot of ground formerly occupied by the mansion of Lord Annesley, just opposite Tyrone House, the town residence of the Marquis of Waterford, now occupied by the National Board of Education. "The stately edifice," he writes, "was raised by subscription solely—£26,000 has been already expended upon it, and it will probably cost as much more to complete it. Mr. Hugh O'Connor contributed £4,000, and Mr. Cardiff £3,000." Magnificent as it was, however, the Catholics of that day did not presume to call it by any more pretentious name than Metropolitan "Chapel." When they got more courage and confidence, they called it a cathedral; but now they do not think it worthy of that name, and it is styled "the Pro-Cathedral Church." It does duty for a cathedral provisionally, and it is probable that Archbishop Cullen has a plan in his head and funds in his hands which promise a cathedral worthy in his estimation of the metropolis of "Catholic Ireland." All the Roman Catholic places of worship are now "churches," and many of them are the finest buildings in the country, far surpassing anything of which Protestants can boast, except St. Patrick's and St. George's Church.

Indeed, the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in this city is astonishing, and has no parallel perhaps in any country in Europe. In 1820 there were in Dublin only ten parochial chapels, most of them of an humble character and occupying obscure positions. There were at the same time seven convents or "friaries," as they were then called, and ten nunneries, which Mr. Wright described as "religious asylums where the females of the Roman Catholic religion find shelter when deprived of the protection of their relatives by the hand of Providence."\* Now the loveliest daughters of some of the most respectable and the best connected Roman Catholic families leave their happy homes and take the veil, sometimes bringing with them ample fortunes—devoting themselves to the work of education and the relief of the poor as "Sisters of Mercy," "Sisters of Charity," &c.

There are now thirty-two churches and chapels in Dublin and its vicinity. In the diocese the total number of secular clergy is 287, and of regulars 125; total priests, 412. The number of nuns is 1,150. Besides the Catholic University, with its ample staff of professors, there are in the diocese six colleges, seven superior schools for boys, fourteen superior schools for ladies, twelve monastic primary schools, forty convent schools, and 200 lay schools, without including those which are under the National Board of Education. The Christian Brothers have 7,000 pupils under their instruction, while the schools connected with the convents in the diocese contain 15,000. Besides Maynooth, which is amply endowed by the State, and contains 500 or 600 students, all designed for the priesthood, there is the College of All Hallows, at Drumcondra, in which 250 young men are being trained for the foreign mission. The Roman Catholic charities of the city are varied and numerous. There are magnificent hospitals, one of which especially—the Mater Misericordiæ—has been not inappropriately called "the Palace of the Sick Poor"—numerous orphanages, several widows' houses, and other refuges for virtuous women; ragged and industrial schools, night asylums, penitentiaries, reformatories, institutions for the blind and deaf and dumb; institutions for relieving the poor at their own houses, and Christian doctrine fraternities almost innumerable. All these wonderful organizations of religion and charity are supported wholly on the voluntary principle, and they have nearly all sprung into existence within half a century. The cost of all these churches, colleges, convents, and schools must be something enormous; and it is difficult, even for those who most dislike the Roman Catholic religion, to differ from a writer who says,—"It is impossible to contemplate this rapid advance in the work of charity and piety, without the conviction that this external growth of religion is but the manifestation of an improved inner life in the general mass of the population."†

When comparing what the two Churches have done in Dublin, we must bear in mind that for the Protestant Establishment there has been the attraction and patronage of the Court, the support of the heads of all the administrative departments, while, up to the close of the last century, there was the vast *prestige* of the Irish Parliament. All the members of both Houses belonging to the Established Church, as well as all the judges and state dignitaries. Again, the public grants of money for the Irish Church since the Union have been most profuse. Up to 1844 they were stated, from Parliamentary returns, as follows:—

For building churches .....	£525,371
For building glebe-houses .....	336,889
For Protestant charity schools .....	1,105,588
For the Society for Discountenancing Vice, &c....	101,991

In connection with this subject, Roman Catholic writers and orators do not fail to remark that while the Roman Catholic bishops and priests were persecuted fugitives, or doing duty by stealth in poverty and fear, some of the prelates of the Established Church were amassing enormous fortunes, and that bishops have been founders of many of the wealthiest families among the landed gentry of Ireland. The late Mr. Grattan, on the 12th July, 1842, during a debate in the House of Commons on the Irish Church, produced the following statistics, extracted from the probates of wills in the Registry Office, Dublin:—

Archbishop Fowler left at his death .....	£150,000
Archbishop Beresford, of Tuam.....	250,000
Archbishop Agar, of Cashel .....	400,000
Bishop Stopford, of Cork .....	25,000
Bishop Percy, of Dromore .....	40,000
Bishop Cleaver, of Ferns .....	50,000
Bishop Bernard, of Limerick .....	60,000
Bishop Porter, of Clogher .....	250,000
Bishop Hawkins, of Raphoe .....	250,000
Bishop Knox, of Killaloe.....	100,000

Total hoarded by the ten prelates.....£1,575,000

Then, the Established Church had Trinity College, with its endowment of 199,573 acres, its fees averaging £30,000 a year, and its right of presentation to twenty-one of the best benefices in the country, most of the Fellows being clergymen, and the University being fed by a number of royal and diocesan schools, well endowed, and under the control of the Church.

Well, what has been the result of the whole system of endowment and favour on the one side, and impoverishment and coercion on the other? This question has been answered by a Protestant clergyman, the Very Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney, D.D., Dean of Melbourne, in a pamphlet, called "The Experiment of Three Hundred Years." It was printed in 1847, and the author took for his text-book Bishop Mant's published "History of the Irish Church." On his return to his native land lately, Dean Macartney printed a second edition, which has been issued by Mr. George Herbert, of Dublin. A more unprejudiced judge than this Dean it would be difficult to find; and what is the result of his inquiries and reflections? He sums up his review of the past by asking: What might England have done for the Irish Church? And he answers:—

"She might have watched over not merely the stability but the efficiency of what should ever have been regarded as a missionary Church, with a zeal proportioned to the difficulties of its position, and the intensity of its temptations. She might have sent over, not the refuse or offscouring, but the best and worthiest of her own sons, and drawn out and encouraged native merit and native exertion. She might have aided the Irish Church in every righteous effort to educate and evangelize the people, and stimulate its flagging energies. She might have demanded of the governors she sent us, that they should regard the preferments intrusted to them as a sacred charge, for which they must give strict account not only to God, but to the nation that sent them. Had she done this, Ireland would now be the grateful friend, the firm and faithful support of the country that had blessed her, and their natural differences producing only a reciprocation of blessings, the people would have raised an united front to all the enemies of their temporal welfare, or of their common faith."

In answer to the next question—"What has England done?" he replies, "Laboured for centuries to degrade the Church of Christ into a political tool." And in view of her treatment, he thus concludes—

"So far from the experiment of attempting to convert or benefit Ireland through her National Church having been tried for three hundred years, discountenance, neglect, or open persecution has attended every exhibition of spirituality within her own bosom, or of missionary exertion without. Her confidence has been gained to betray, her wealth and honours used to corrupt her; she has been feasted like Isaac to be deceived—invited like Tamar to the fraternal mansion, to be defiled, and then cast out."

\* Wright's Dublin, p. 174.

† Irish Catholic Directory, 1866, p. 193.



## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

THE note of preparation for the opera season has now been definitely sounded by the issue of Mr. Mapleson's programme for Her Majesty's Theatre, which, although opening four days after the Royal Italian Opera (April 7), is first in the announcement of intended proceedings. One of the most striking features in Mr. Mapleson's programme is the promised reappearance of Madame Grisi on the stage with which she was identified for so many years before her secession to the newer rival establishment in Covent Garden. Such reappearance is, to say the least, somewhat unexpected, after the distinctly understood final retirement of Madame Grisi from the stage, and it is questionable whether it is well judged on the part of an artist who has left so high an impression of her former powers as a dramatic and declamatory singer. Mdlle. Titiens will be virtually (as in previous seasons) the principal soprano, supported by Mesdles. Ilma de Murska, Sinico, Enequist, Madame Harriers-Wippen, and a *débutante*, Mdlle. Louise Lichtmay. The principal contraltos, as before, will be Mdlle. Bettelheim, Madame Trebelli, and (her first appearance here) Madame De Meric Lablache. The loss of Signor Giuglini seems scarcely to have been supplied, unless Signor Mongini or Mr. Hohler should repair it. The latter gentleman, who has been highly lauded in Italy, was expected to have made his appearance last season at the Royal Italian Opera, but his *début* was deferred to this year, and the locality changed to Her Majesty's Theatre. Another first appearance is to be that of Signor Arvini; and Signori Gardoni, Stagno, Bettini, and Tasca, and Dr. Gunz, complete the list of principal tenors. The basses and baritones comprise Mr. Santley, Signori Junca, Scalese, Rokitansky, Bossi, and others; including also Signor Verger, from Paris, his first appearance here. Among the novelties in production we are promised Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" and Spon-tini's "La Vestale"—Mdlle. Titiens playing the principal character in each—a feature which will doubtless contribute largely to the public success of music which, with all its grandeur, is somewhat heavy to the general ear, and requires special declamatory power in the singer. Mozart's "Seraglio" is also to be given; and Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," hitherto identified with the Royal Italian Opera. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska will be the Dinorah. The same lady will also appear as Elena in a revival of Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," in which Signor Mongini will re-appear after an absence of several years. These novelties, with the many great works in the existing repertoire of this establishment, give signs of a season of special interest. Among the promises is a reproduction of Nicolai's "Falstaff" ("Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor"), brought out at this house two years since, and unaccountably shelved last season. The exquisitely graceful music of this opera should have met with greater success with an English public—and probably would, had the part of Falstaff been played and sung in a lighter and more genial style. In this respect we perceive a change in the cast—this season the fat knight is to be represented by Signor (Herr) Rokitansky. We trust that on a repetition of this charming opera, the music will be given as nearly as possible in its original shape—with no such omissions and substitutions as it underwent two years since. Gounod's "Mirella" is also to be reproduced—Mdlle. Ilma de Murska in the principal part, introducing several new pieces composed for her by M. Gounod. Signor Arditi retains the post of conductor—an office which he has so worthily held for several seasons at this establishment.

At the last Crystal Palace Concert a new Symphony by Mr. A. Sullivan was produced, with great success. We shall, doubtless, soon be enabled to speak of this work on a second hearing.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. PHELPS has been "starring" at Drury Lane in a round of his leading characters, including "King Lear," "Richelieu," and the "Stranger." These plays have been effectively cast, but have been brought on at the early hour of seven o'clock, and evidently made subordinate to the pantomime.

The Government, driven into a corner by the proceedings that knocked to pieces the old rickety Act of Parliament (25th Geo. II. cap. 36) under which music and dancing licences are granted, have appointed a committee to inquire into the present theatrical licensing system preparatory to improved legislation on the subject. The following is a list of the members:—Lord Ernest Bruce, Sir A. Buller, Lord Eustace Cecil, Mr. Clay, Mr. Clive, Mr. Du Cane, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Locke, Mr. T. J. Miller, Mr. Lusk, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Powell, Mr. Selwyn, Colonel Sturt, and Mr. Walpole. The first meeting was held on Tuesday, when Mr. Goschen was appointed chairman, and it was arranged to meet every Monday and Friday. Next Monday will be devoted to the examination of several metropolitan magistrates on the condition and operation of the existing law.

Mr. Bodham Donne, the Lord Chamberlain's licenser of plays, will be examined next, and then Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. T. Chappell, Mr. Sketchley, Mr. Howard Paul, Mr. Strange, Dr. Evan Jones; and various representatives of the theatrical interest, or monopoly, as we prefer to call it, will be invited to throw as much light as they

possibly can on the great question whether the public are to be amused, as they evidently wish to be amused, legally or illegally.

Mr. Charles Reade's "Never too Late too Mend" will be withdrawn to-night (Saturday) at the Princess's, after a "run" which very few of the critics—ourselves included—expected. "The Streets of London" will be revived on Monday for a short period; and in May Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will appear on their return from America in "Henry VIII."

The revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" at the St. James's, with a ladylike Miss Hardcastle (Miss Herbert), and a gentlemanly Tony Lumpkin (Mr. Walter Lacy), is a peculiar dramatic experiment worth seeing.

## SCIENCE.

We learn that Dr. Seeman, who is obliged to start on a journey of exploration to Central America, has resigned the secretaryship of the Botanical Congress to be held in May, and that Dr. M. Master has been appointed to the vacant office. During Dr. Seeman's absence, the *Journal of Botany* will be conducted by Mr. Carruthers, of the British Museum.

From the *Lancet* "Record of Science" we learn that a curious essay on the subject of colour-blindness has recently been published in *Poggendorff's Annalen*. The writer, Herr Dr. Rose, concludes, as the result of several experiments:—(1.) That with the colour-blind it is always the light of the greatest or of the least refrangibility that first becomes imperfect. (2.) That, invariably as the disease increases, the patient ceases to perceive only that light which had previously the greatest or least refrangibility of the rays visible to him. (3.) That colour-blindness is always characterized by a shortening of the spectrum, and never by an interruption. Herr Rose has discovered a most ingenious instrument for the detection of colour-blindness, and for measuring the extent of this condition.

The spread of the trichina disease in Germany has compelled the butchers to be scientific. We understand that meat-vendors in Germany are forming microscopical societies for the purpose of investigating the condition of the flesh which they offer for sale. They have discovered that this is the only means of satisfying the now sceptical public, and of preventing the ruin of their own trade. Already the Butchers' Microscopical Society, of Nordhausen, in Prussian Saxony, has published its rules. Professor Kützing has agreed to instruct the members in the art of using the microscope, and of detecting the trichinae in their various forms. In order to be a member, the butcher must be in possession of one sufficiently good microscope, and be able to detect the presence of trichinae. At least three portions of the muscles of each pig must be submitted to examination immediately after slaughtering. When the microscopes and preparations are not found to be kept in proper order, reproof will be administered, which, if not efficacious, will be followed by expulsion from the society. The society offers to pay not only more than the market price for every pig containing trichinae, but a premium of fifty thalers (about £7. 10s.) to the person who delivers it.

Dr. Sheridan Muspratt has recently discovered a new chalybeate at Harrogate. The water contains a large quantity of the *protochloride of iron*, which makes the spring *without a prototype*. Several of those partaking of the water have derived already the greatest benefit. The discovery is highly spoken of by many of the leading chemists and medical men.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Mathematical Society, at 7½ p.m. 1. "On the Centres of Algebraical Curves and Surfaces." By Mr. S. Roberts. 2. "On Various Properties of Confocal Cartesian Ovals." By Mr. M. W. Crofton.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Discussion upon "The Hydraulic Lift Graving Dock;" and, time permitting, the following Paper will be read, "On the Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way." By E. Price Williams, M. Inst. C.E.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

## THE ANGLO-GREEK STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

THE petition for the winding-up of this Company has been dismissed, on the ground that it has not disclosed sufficient reasons to induce the court to comply with its prayer; but this result does not remove altogether the scandal which the petition has raised. We are very nervous about companies in these days. They promise much, and it often happens that the more they promise the less they perform. Sometimes after a flourish of trumpets, which would give the world to understand that there is no company under the sun which offers better security to investors, or larger dividends, there appears a paragraph in the money article of the daily papers to the effect that the "sure and firm-set" speculation has gone the way of all other bubbles, and that its blatant self-praise was only like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." And no man knows at what hour the *pallida mors* of bank-



ruptcy may lay low the speculation in which he has invested his money. Half-yearly reports are no security; half-yearly dividends are no security; the great names on the list of directors are no security. The public have thus come to be so sensitive that the mere whisper of something rotten in the state of a company in which they have taken shares or to which they have lent money, is enough in an instant to arouse the most active anxieties. It is no wonder that a petition to wind up the Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation Company should provoke a lively interest in the commercial community, especially when that petition was based, not upon a statement that the speculation had been fairly tried and had failed, but that it had been a fraud *ab initio*—a bubble got up to cheat the shareholders. For, unhappily, such has been the course of speculation of late years, that a charge of this kind carries along with it an antecedent probability. There are plenty of sound speculations afloat which are doing good alike to the public and to the shareholders. But there is a still larger number which are doing good to no one, except the ingenious persons who have started them for their own purposes.

The Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation Company does not quite come under the latter category. The Master of the Rolls has refused to wind it up, and we need no better proof that, up to the time of his refusal, it was solvent. No doubt it is still in that condition, and, it is to be hoped, will long remain so. But it would be affectation to deny that the facts which have come out upon the hearing of the petition are not such as to conciliate confidence in this company. It appears that under the articles of association, Mr. Stefanos Xenos was appointed managing director, at £1,200 a year, to be increased to £1,500 and £2,000 a year, as the Company's profits increased; and, in consideration of certain valuable concessions which he brought to the Company, he was to receive a sum of £25,000, half in shares and half in cash. It will at once occur to our readers, as it did to the Master of the Rolls, that at first sight the salary and the further compensation which Mr. Stefanos Xenos secured to himself are excessive; but as there was no evidence adduced to show that they were so, it must be presumed that Mr. Stefanos Xenos was in himself, and in the advantages he brought along with him, a person whom it was in a very extraordinary degree desirable to secure. The shareholders, however, in agreeing to this arrangement, knew what they were doing. They did not buy Mr. Stefanos Xenos as the proverb says foolish people buy their pigs. His light, or his want of it, was not hid either under a bushel, or in a poke. The world of speculation knew at what price his personal influence and his managerial powers were to be purchased, and if they chose to pay roundly for them, that was their business. Again it was open to them to decide whether they would pay £3,000 a year to their directors. They elected to do so, and we presume that the directors, at least, did not quarrel with their decision. And if this were all, we should only have to say that the Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation Company was most fortunate in having secured a manager, and concessions, and directors who were worth the very large sum it agreed to pay them.

But that was not all. "The evidence had disclosed the facts"—we quote the *Times*' report of Lord Romilly's judgment—"that the chairman was to receive £3,000 (and had actually received that amount in shares); and in addition to this sum, had also received £750 in cash from Mr. Xenos for services alleged to have been rendered by him in part repayment of sums of money expended out of his own pocket, and for valuable practical knowledge brought by him to bear on the affairs of the company." It was urged, and Lord Romilly thought "probably with good reason," that any such remuneration which Admiral Elliot received, as chairman of the company, for his services was a poor and inadequate reward. Very possibly; but inadequate or not, the shareholders were not told that such a payment had been made to him. Upon this point it may be as well to quote the words of the Master of the Rolls, as we find them reported in the *Times*:—

"The shareholders (he said) depended on the directors of the company and their motives, it being assumed that the reasons for the directors approving the company, and lending the weight of their names to it, was apparent on the prospectus and the articles of the company as publicly issued. But if the directors were to get an extra pecuniary advantage out of the company unknown to the shareholders, only part of the motives of the directors was, in fact, disclosed, and the shareholders were deceived as to the undisclosed part of such motives. In these cases the Court would hold to the principles of law as laid down in the case of *Hudson v. the Great Eastern Railway*, and other similar cases, in which this Court held that the directors of public companies were bound as trustees to do the best they could for their shareholders, and that no director had a right to make any private or personal emolument out of any transaction connected with his trust."

The italics in this extract are ours.

But this is not the only charge to which the directors seem to have made themselves liable. There appears to have been a contract entered into by them for the building of steamers to the extent of £100,000; and it seems that Stefanos Xenos, as managing director, was the person intrusted with the negotiation of this contract. Somehow it was arranged that Aristides Xenos, the brother of Stefanos, was to have a commission upon this contract of £10,000, and that Stefanos was to receive some part of that commission. Again, the company whose funds had been so liberally bestowed on its chairman, on its manager, and on its manager's brother, found itself presently under the necessity of borrowing—a necessity to which very liberal people are not unfrequently reduced. They had to borrow £20,000, and the loan was contracted with the Railway Finance Company, apparently through the medium of the Imperial Agency Company. But in hard cash the Anglo-Greek Company got only £10,000, out of which it had to pay £2,000 to the company which played the part of go-between. The Anglo-Greek Company thus became liable for £20,000, though it really got only £8,000. This is very strange and very unsatisfactory—incomprehensible, indeed, upon any sound system of finance. Then, again, with respect to the dealings in shares, Lord Romilly says that the system adopted was open to censure. We may, however, leave that portion of the case untouched. What we have already stated is sufficient to show that the history of the Anglo-Greek Steam Navigation Company is not a reassuring one.

All that can be said in its favour is that it is not insolvent. That, of course, is saying a great deal, and we congratulate the shareholders on the fact that they have yet a prospect of carrying their speculation to a successful issue. But if they have escaped disaster their escape has been a narrow one. The evidence upon the petition for winding-up discloses, in many important respects, a state of things which ought not to have existed, and which is incompatible with sound speculation. Some of the facts are, indeed, so remarkable that, in a community in which commercial matters were regulated according to that code of honour and honesty which obtains between individuals in social life, they would have a crushing effect upon character. And it is to be observed, that although the Master of the Rolls has not felt himself authorized to wind up this company, he has not omitted, by the only means in his power, to stigmatize the men whose conduct with regard to it he disapproves. Admitting that when persons are improperly assailed they are entitled to their costs against a petitioner, he has deprived Admiral Elliot of his costs, (even though he acquits him of the charge of collusion with Stefanos Xenos), because he received £3,000 in shares, and £750 in cash, unknown to the shareholders. In the case of Mr. Stefanos Xenos Lord Romilly, admitting that so far as the allegations of the worthlessness of the concessions which Xenos sold to the company are concerned he stands acquitted, still refuses him his costs, because, as managing director, he made payments to the chairman and others which cannot be justified. We cannot say that this decision is all which, looking to the state of commercial morality, we could wish. But it is sufficient to denounce the improper character of many of the proceedings which mark the history of the Anglo-Greek Company: sufficient also, we trust, to put the shareholders upon their guard for the future.

THE directors of the Bank of England reduced the minimum rate of discount from 7 to 6 per cent. at their meeting on Thursday. With reference to the general court of proprietors called for the 10th of April, for the election of a governor and deputy-governor for the year ensuing, it may not be out of place to mention that the present governor, Mr. Henry Lancelot Holland, and the present deputy-governor, Mr. Thomas Newman Hunt, will retain their respective posts for the ensuing twelve months, it being the custom for these two high officers of the Bank of England to sit for two years.

The discount establishments have lowered their terms for money at call from 5 to 4½ per cent.; for money at seven days' notice, from 5½ to 5; and at fourteen days' notice, from 6 to 5½.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about ¼ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.25 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at sixty days' sight is 108½ to 108¾ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In the Rolls Court the Master has dismissed the petition for winding-up the Bank of Turkey Company (Limited), with costs against the petitioners, and that too without hearing the case of the directors. It must be gratifying to investors.

Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., has become the President of the Suburban Village and General Dwellings Company, and Messrs. John Everitt, Edward Vigers, Carrington Jones, and E. Moore, have joined the Board of Directors.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE CLUBS OF LONDON.\*

PASTE-AND-SCISSORS work, if well executed, is not to be despised. As everybody now-a-days is supposed to know everything, those men do good service, to the busy as well as to the idle, who cut and clip into readable form the huge stores of our daily-increasing libraries. *Sint hic etiam sua præmia laudi*: let merit, even in this humble sphere, have its reward. Mr. Smiles, for instance, has, in his various scientific biographies, raised compilation almost to the dignity of a fine art; and Mr. Timbs, in several volumes which he has ere now given to the public, has shown what entertaining and useful works may be produced by the mere bringing together of scattered materials. We regret, however, to say, that we cannot regard his present book as equal to some of those by which it has been preceded.

There is no portion of literary history more amusing than the club-life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Thackeray is said to have meditated a work on the subject, and perhaps no man of the Victorian age was better fitted for the task than the author of "Vanity Fair." He was deeply read in the literature of that period which has been called "the golden age of clubs," and had at his fingers' ends the contents of those contemporary magazines of which Mr. Timbs has made so little use. The club-life of London should be told as a continuous story; but in the two volumes before us there is not the slightest connection between the divisions, one topic following another in disagreeable confusion. We have not a book, but the rough materials for a book; the cuttings may be entertaining enough in themselves, but they are thrown before the reader as so many literary rags which he must sort and arrange for himself. Before a man sits down to write a history, he should try to digest and assimilate the facts, not let them pass through his mind like the water through Munchausen's horse. Mr. Timbs's book, however, is actually arranged backwards: his order is—clubs, coffee-houses, taverns; the historical order is—taverns, coffee-houses, clubs; and it is partly in consequence of this blunder that his two volumes are so full of repetitions and so confused. He even increases the muddle by giving separate indexes to each part. He would have made a far better book had he taken Leigh Hunt's charming "Town" as a model.

How different is club-life as we know it in Pall-mall from the club-life of old times, as represented in the pages of Mr. Timbs! What a delightful thing it would be to drop in at the Mermaid some afternoon, when Ben Jonson and Shakespeare were indulging in their "wit combats," with Beaumont, Fletcher, Chapman, Selden, Donne, and perhaps Raleigh, joining in the quick fence of words! How good the wine must have been we may judge from that fine Horatian touch with which Ben invites a friend to supper, promising him

"A pure cup of rich Canary wine,  
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine."

At the Mermaid, Sir Ralph Shelton and Mr. Heyden proposed that famous voyage up Fleet Ditch which Jonson has commemorated in one of his most racy poems. Of this tavern and its frequenters we learn but little from Mr. Timbs; he gives, indeed, the well-known passage in Beaumont's epistle to Jonson, but merely refers to old Fuller's graphic description, which is far more valuable. We have to complain, also, of many repetitions and not a few inaccuracies. Thus, copying some one who had erroneously quoted one of the *Leges Conviviales* of the Apollo Club, he says that "women of character were not excluded: *probæ femine non repudiuntur*." The fourth rule, of which this professes to be a copy, says nothing about women of character. It runs thus:—"Nec lectæ femine repudiuntur," which is thus rendered in an old translation:—

"And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,  
Let none be debarred from his choice female mate."

Or, as Browne gives it:—

"Nor be choice ladies slighted."

It is a curious illustration of Mr. Timbs's bad method of arrangement that his account of the Apollo Club is given in the first volume, and "immortal Ben's rules" for the regulation of the club in the second.

To come to another great club-man, the namesake of Ben—Samuel Johnson—we find Mr. Timbs not always complete and accurate. Thus, he informs us that "Mr. Hook" collected the Queen's Arms Club: Boswell says it was "Mr. Hoole." Among the omissions connected with the lexicographer's name are the Old-street Club, of which he says to the Mr. Hoole just named:—"I knew your uncle; we called him the *metaphysical tailor*. He was of a club in Old-street, with me and George Psalmanazar and some others."

Perhaps the most meagre account in the two volumes is that concerning the Beefsteak Club. Scores of anecdotes in connection with it used to be familiar enough thirty years ago, and many of them still occasionally turn up in conversation. It was a "Steak," and an alderman too, who described Moore's "Life of Sheridan" as an excellent piece of *autobiography*. It was a "Steak" who used to argue that port wine had banished the plague out of England. It was a "Steak" who, to put down a brother who used

to bore the club by telling his wife's dreams, related that wonderful story of his own wife's dream. She had been meditating a trip to Brighton, and one night she dreamt she was a bathing machine, but, retaining all her notions of female decorum, was so terribly shocked when the gentlemen proceeded to undress in it, that she woke all the household by her screaming. Arnold, an old "Steak," made a capital application of an old retort. A fellow member, excusing himself for some mis-quotation, said, "I have almost forgotten my Latin." "Why don't you quite forget it?" asked Arnold; "*your Latin is better forgotten than remembered*."

As Mr. Timbs does not profess to include any but London clubs, he is not to be censured for omitting all notice of country clubs; but we could well spare his account of the Clarendon Hotel, St. James's Hall, and Soyer's Symposium, for a few pages on the Friars' Club of Norwich and the "Tempus Fugit," said to have been founded by Dr. Parr. We remember one story of a supper at which the Doctor refused to help a Norwich alderman to some "hasparagus," as he called it, unless he chose to ask for it under the good old English name of "sparrow-grass." The alderman was sulky, until, appetite prevailing over temper, he gave way at last; but the delicacy was all gone. There used to be, and we believe still is, at Norwich, a Hole-in-the-Wall Club, a good account of which may be found in William Taylor's edition of Dr. Frank Sayer's poetical and miscellaneous works. Taylor tells a story of Dr. Middleton—"ó ñ ro Middleton," as he used to be called after his dissertation on the Greek article. One night at the club, Middleton got hold of a willing listener (as he supposed) to his interminable boring on the subject which then filled his mind. The doctor wound up at last—for even essays on Greek articles must have an end—with, "Now, sir, I think you will agree with me about the article." His listener—a wool-merchant, who did not seem to have an idea beyond fleece and worsted—replied: "I have heard all you have been saying about the article, and a precious heavy article it is; but as to agreeing with you about taking any, that is quite out of the question in the present state of the market."

To pass from omissions, let us see how Mr. Timbs has put his "purple patches" together. In Vol. I., p. 58, we read that the Kit-Kat Club "subscribed 400 guineas for the encouragement of good comedies;" and only ten pages farther on the same statement is repeated. Twice within the space of half a dozen pages we are told that the gridiron of the Beef-steak Society was saved from the ruins of Covent-Garden fire in 1808. Three times we read, with variations, the history of the origin of coffee-houses in London; but whether priority is due to Rosee or to Bowman, or to both (to use an Irishism), Mr. Timbs does not take the trouble to state. In Vol. II. we learn with surprise that Messrs. Butterworth, the well-known law booksellers, lived in the sixteenth century:—"They possess the original leases from the earliest grant in the reign of Henry VIII., the period of their own purchase." In the same volume, Mr. Timbs, having occasion to quote a short passage from the "Beau's Stratagem," gives a reading different from what we find in the first volume. The difference is not important in itself, but it is a test of the compiler's accuracy. Mr. Timbs, is moreover, sometimes unfortunate in his way of telling a good story. In Vol. I., p. 121, he quotes a stanza from a seventeenth century ballad:—

"The bar-boys and the tapsters  
Leave drawing of their beer,  
And running forth in haste they cry,  
'See where *Mull'd Sack* comes here.'"

And we have to travel over forty pages of heterogeneous matter before we learn what *Mull'd Sack* means, and why men and boys ran out to see it. Arriving at p. 163, we learn that *Mull Sack* was a noted highwayman, who had the honour of picking Oliver Cromwell's pocket, stealing Lady Fairfax's watch, and robbing Charles II., when in exile, of plate worth £1,500. No wonder men ran after him! In the first volume we have a story of a bond-creditor, who, hearing that Fox had just won £8,000, waited upon him, and asked for payment of his account. Fox refused, on the ground that he must pay his debts of honour first. The creditor remonstrated, upon which, says Mr. Timbs, Fox asked for the bond, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the fire. "Now, sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honour," and immediately paid it. The best version of the story is that the creditor himself threw the bond into the fire, and, when it was consumed, turned to Fox, saying, "Now, sir, mine is a debt of honour too," and it was paid at once. In the account of Arthur's Club, we have the familiar epigram upon Mackreth and Rumbold, the key to which must be sought in the account of White's Club some ten pages farther on.

Mr. Timbs's readers have lost much by his preferring secondary to original authority in the compilation of this work. Thus, to take the instance of the Royal Society Club—perhaps the oldest in existence—he does not go beyond Admiral Smyth's meagre narrative; and all that he tells us about the "Red Lions" is taken from a review in the *Daily News*, when he should have gone to the book reviewed, namely, the "Life of Edward Forbes." Of both these clubs, however, he might have obtained the fullest information from the amiable and learned librarian of the Royal Society. That society, like all the older learned or scientific societies, was a club from the first, and a vastly more enjoyable one than it seems to be now in its later days, when the secretary has taken to statistics, and calculates the average of visitors at each dinner to be 12.48. The elder Royals were too wise to divorce science from good eating and drinking. We find them dining, cheaply and snugly, at the Crown Tavern, "behind the 'Change"—this was

\* Club Life of London; with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee-houses, and Taverns of the Metropolis during the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries. By John Timbs. Two vols. London: Bentley.



when they met at Gresham College. Then we see Newton and Halley, with other Fellows, "enjoying" themselves at the Grecian, which they sometimes neglected in favour of Tom's. Thirty years later, the Fellows migrated to Pontack's, in Abchurch-lane, where the dinners varied from a crown to a guinea, and good claret could be had for seven shillings a flask. From Pontack's, the Society removed to the Devil Tavern, where we must leave them for the present—

"To drink a joco-serious cup  
With souls who've ta'en their freedom up."

Strange glimpses we catch of the lives of our forefathers, even from the undigested pages that Mr. Timbs has put together. The early taverns (like the modern American bars) were places at which men met to drink and not to eat, beyond a crust to give a relish to the wine. If they wanted to dine, they must go to the cook-shops. The vintners only sold white wine and claret; the sweet wines, the sacks, and the malmseys, were to be procured at the apothecary's. In Shakespeare's time the fashion had altered, and Falstaff's score included sack, anchovies, and capons, though the halfpenny-worth of bread was not wanting. In the time of Edward VI., the price of a gallon of French wine was fixed by statute at eightpence, and the consumption in private houses limited to ten gallons yearly for each person. The number of taverns in London was also restricted to forty. In 1600, we read that "the drawers kept sugar folded up in paper, ready for those who called for sack," and it was the custom to set two cups before the guest, in case he wanted his wine diluted, which was done by the addition of a pennyworth of sugar and rose-water!

Coffee and tea came into England about the same time, though until late years tea was a luxury. Garraway, who established the coffee-house that still goes by his name, says in his advertisement that tea used to fetch £6, and sometimes as much as £10, per pound weight, and offers to supply the best quality from "sixteen to fifty shillings a pound." In 1666, the Earl of Arlington brought from Holland the first pound of tea ever received in England. It cost him fifty shillings, and, adds Mr. Timbs, "in all probability the first cup of tea made in England was drunk upon the site of Buckingham Palace," where the Earl's mansion once stood. But tea was soon left to the women, the men preferring coffee, and the shops where it was sold quickly became places of general resort. The coffee-sellers had their tricks. Farr, who established the Rainbow, in Fleet-street, "the second coffee-house opened in the metropolis," was presented at the inquest of St. Dunstan's, in 1657, "for making and selling of a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells." In 1660, a duty of fourpence a pound was laid upon every gallon of coffee made and sold; and in 1663 all coffee-house keepers were required to take out a licence. A satirist of that year, alluding to the supposed emasculating properties of the berry, describes the coffee-sellers as

"Sons of nothing, that can hardly make  
Their broth for laughing;"

And in 1674 the women petitioned against its use on the ground that it occasioned sterility. Thus, coffee, like all other novelties, had to encounter opposition. In 1708, the coffee-houses were 3,000 in number, and the "innocent juice" was drunk "by the best of quality, and even by physicians." They drank it from small basins without saucers, smoking the meanwhile. Every trade, profession, class, and party had its coffee-house, and the price of a cup was usually twopence. Some of these houses have become historical. Dryden made Will's the great resort of the wits of his time. Swift ill-naturedly says that "the worst conversation he ever heard in his life" was at that coffee-house. Button's became the popular resort about 1712, and here Addison and Steele used to meet in large, flowing, flaxen wigs. Jemmy Maclaine, the highwayman, was also a frequent visitor.

The clubs, such as White's, Boodle's, and Brookes's, were for the aristocracy, and in their origin little better than gambling-houses. The winnings of some of the frequenters were enormous. Mr. Thynne retired in disgust from Almack's because he had only won 12,000 guineas in two consecutive months. The players, says Mr. Timbs, used to change their embroidered clothes for frieze coats, or turn their coats inside out for luck. They put on pieces of leather to save their laced ruffles; and, to guard their eyes from the light and, to prevent tumbling their hair, they wore high-crowned straw-hats with broad brims, adorned with flowers and ribbons. Very Arcadian, truly! They put on masks to conceal their emotions. Charles James Fox played so admirably at whist and picquet, that the frequenters of Brookes's calculated that he could make four thousand a year if he restricted himself to those two games. But he preferred faro, and invariably lost. His father, Lord Holland, left him £154,000 to pay his debts; but it was all bespoke. Lord Carlisle lost £10,000 in one night. General Scott won £200,000 at White's, thanks to his sobriety and knowledge of whist. Captain Gronow says he won that enormous sum "honestly." George Harley Drummond, the banker, only played once in his life at White's Club at whist, when he lost £20,000 to Brummel. To go back a little in our pickings from Mr. Timbs's pudding, we read that Colonel Panton won as many thousands in one night as enabled him to purchase an estate of above £1,500 a year.

Our modern clubs have no resemblance to these gaming-houses or to their predecessors; indeed, they have nothing but the name in common. The old clubs met in taverns and coffee-houses; the number of members was small, rarely exceeding a score, and they all knew one another. They met to eat and drink, talk and smoke,

and "nothing was said or sung that was grave and Doric." The modern club counts its members by hundreds, and it meets in a palatial building of its own, which has sunk to a mere convenience for reading the papers, and for having letters left which you do not want your wife to see.

#### THE KABBALAH.\*

IN nothing is mediæval more different from modern philosophy than in its relation to mysticism. In the middle ages, knowledge was purposely made obscure, as now it is purposely made clear. That inherent difficulty which the modern philosopher laments, his mediæval predecessor welcomed, and strove, with fatal success, to increase. For this purpose, mysticism, which has a certain attraction for most minds, was the best means; and it was so largely used that philosophy and magic, or truth and imposture, became identical to the common people, and honest inquiry was not rarely a mark for persecution. Even as late as the Elizabethan age, obscurity was aimed at by those who were obliged to abandon mysticism, and it needed all the force of common sense to take philosophy back into the wholesome state in which the ancients left it.

The Cabbalistic system of the Jews stands in the front of mediæval mystical philosophy, which it undoubtedly largely influenced; so much so, indeed, that some would give the Jews the credit of having originated what they merely aided to complete. It is no doubt remarkable that the Jews have always shown a singular fondness for philosophy, and especially for metaphysics; though, as in the case of Spinoza and some of the later neologians, this has generally been in opposition to Christianity. In times in which such an opposition was not tolerated, it is quite possible that they may have attempted it under the cover of orthodoxy; but, so doing, they could scarcely have reached the eminence that would have enabled them to take a leading part. The idea, however, that we combat—viz., their claim to have founded this philosophy—may guide us to a more distinct appreciation of the character and origin of their own philosophical systems. It is agreed that, their philosophy being intensely mystical, mediæval philosophy, which has the same characteristic, and other points in common, is probably its descendant. But what if the mysticism of the Jews is not natural, but borrowed? There can be no question that the Jews were strongly-marked Semites. Some may expose their ignorance of the Egyptians by asserting that the Jews were of their nationality, and Dr. Latham may indulge in the marvellously eccentric theory—too eccentric even for Mr. David Urquhart—that they were Turks. Ethnologists will not dispute their Semite character, or doubt for a moment that they are closely allied with the Arabs and the Syrians. Of all the Semite races, except the Jewish, none has so completely escaped intermixture with foreign stocks as the Arab; and the Arabs have this advantage over their brethren, that they have been shut out by natural barriers, by havenless coasts and the most impassable of deserts, from the rest of mankind, and thus have not been largely influenced in mind or character by the agencies that usually cause nations to go through a changing series of mental types. If the Jews are naturally mystics, we should expect the same of the Arabs. A very slight inquiry shows our expectation to be a deception. El-Islâm is certainly the religion which, least of all, directs or checks philosophical inquiry, for, when a Muslim has admitted its main tenets, he is allowed to form any speculation he pleases. Yet the Arabs are scarcely ever mystics: the mystics of El-Islâm are the Persians. This curious fact suggests that Jewish mysticism may be borrowed, and the inquiry is worth pursuing. The Jews in antiquity were a singularly muscular, straightforward nation, to whom dreaminess was an unknown mental condition. Their prophets and seers certainly sometimes retired into the desert for religious contemplation; but these did not pass the boundary between quietism and mysticism. The first indications we find of mysticism are in the writings of Philo, in those apocryphal books which equally show the influence of Platonism (though not in its simplest form), and in the early Rabbinical literature. The mysticism of the Rabbins was probably due to the Babylonish captivity. Babylon, the centre of an empire of many nations, where the Chaldean magician could meet the Persian dualist and the Indian quietist, may well have taught the Jewish strangers the permutations of names, the wonders of numbers, and the relations of nature with man; the first of which notions has been erroneously but curiously imagined in the case of a name (Sheshach) given by the prophet Jeremiah to Babylon itself. Certainly, the Talmud shows a very advanced stage of mysticism, though not exactly that which is properly Cabbalistic.

The most celebrated Cabbalistic work is the *Sohar*, or *Zohar*, which, it is pretended, was composed by Rabbi Simon ben Jochai after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Though modern inquiry has shown that this curious composition must have been fabricated by Moses de Leon, a Spanish Jew of the thirteenth century, yet its writer made a good choice in selecting a Rabbi "regarded by tradition as the embodiment of mysticism"—a Rabbi of whom the Talmud relates that, when he fled from the persecution of the Roman Emperor, he hid himself in a deep cavern, where "he and his son sat in the sand up to their necks all the day, studying the law," remaining there "twelve long years." There is also a certain propriety in the choice of time; for, when the Jews

\* The Kabbalah; its Doctrines, Development, and Literature. An Essay by C. D. Ginsburg, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co.



lost their place as a nation, they began to form schools, and to addict themselves more ardently than before to the pursuit of philosophy.

We do not propose to attempt a sketch of the teaching of this work as to the great questions of theology. It is most interesting where it lays down methods of interpreting the Old Testament. Here we find ourselves on ground occupied by not a few patristic writers, among whom Origen's name will occur to every one; and it is curious to notice how the illustrious Alexandrian, on the very same principles as the Spanish Jew, argued that much of the Old Testament must necessarily be typical, since it relates ordinary matters and the like. This position, that an ideal character must be sought in every sentence and even word of Scripture, has led to those unfortunate allegorizing explanations which have checked inquiry, and, in some cases, rendered no good service to religion, and of which it is to be hoped we have seen the last. If, however, they must be maintained, the Cabbalistic method has the great advantage of treating them systematically. The following examples may illustrate this:—Every letter of a word or passage is reduced to its numerical value, and explained by another of the same value. Thus, the words, "Lo, three men stood by him" (Gen. xviii. 2), is made to give the names of the three angels—"These are Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael." Again, every letter of a word is taken as the initial or abbreviation of a word. Thus, from the first word in Genesis is derived the sentence, "In the beginning, God saw that Israel would accept the law." There is no need to give further examples of other varieties of this curious method of discovering hidden meanings. It is certainly older than the book Zohar. For instance, we find it in use not only among the old Jewish expositors, but also among the Arabs. In the notes to his translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," Mr. Lane gives an instance of how the famous post-classical poet, El-Mutanabee (about A.D. 1000), was cautioned by a king's secretary, who, in the address of a seemingly friendly letter, alluded by a single mark of reduplication to a passage in the Kurán indicative of the dangers that awaited him. The great Orientalist observes that there was, no doubt, in this case a system known to the correspondents; otherwise, the guess would have been marvellous.

The Cabbalists claim another book, which, certainly earlier than the Zohar, is assigned by them to the patriarch Abraham—the book Jetzira. The date of this work is thought to be the ninth century of the Christian era, and it undoubtedly represents an earlier stage of Jewish philosophy. It will be immediately seen by a reader of Dr. Ginsburg's analysis of its contents, that it is closely connected with those late spurious philosophical systems which combined Pythagorean and Platonic ideas with Eastern fancies as to the creation of the universe. It is unfortunate that in discussing it Dr. Ginsburg mentions the dreams of Dr. Chwolson, of St. Petersburg, as authoritative on the Babylonian origin of the famous "Nabathean Agriculture," and even accepts the date of B.C. 1400 for Kuthamee, whom he strangely calls Gutami. It ought to be added that he appears to be here using the statements of a correspondent. The remaining Cabbalistic works seem to be of inferior interest.

It is very much to be wished that some scholar of deep acquaintance with the later forms of Greek philosophy and the earlier Oriental systems, which, without being their descendants, largely borrowed from them, would write a connected history of both, and trace them onwards in their conflict with, and comparative extinction by, the Aristotelian philosophy in both the East and the West. Such a work would tend to rescue a very curious subject from the neglect into which careless and timid writers have thrown it—those who have written upon it with the confidence of total ignorance, or refrained from writing with the modesty of partial knowledge—and would perhaps display the sources of some modern speculations that have earned for their authors a scarcely-deserved credit for originality. So far, the work would be useful; but we cannot agree with Dr. Ginsburg that, because certain distinguished Gentile scholars of the Middle Ages, or a little later, admired the Cabbalah, it is therefore worth studying, for their interest in it is almost certainly due to the reputation it had of unfolding the mysterious relations of the Cosmos, and it is probable that every one of them had some idea of discovering, by its help, the secret of the transmutation of metals. If this view be correct, we may be excused if we regard the popularity among the learned of this system as a mere curiosity in the history of philosophy, and be content with this recommendation of the study of the Cabbalah—that all philosophical speculations, however unreasonable, are of themselves interesting, as contributing to our knowledge of the history of mankind.

#### LES DEUX REINES DE FRANCE.\*

OUR neighbours, the French, are blessed with several things to which sober-minded Englishmen have never aspired; they have an Emperor, and a "Ministry of Fine Arts." That both of these eminent institutions, however, are subject to occasional eccentricities of action, the book before us amply shows. The "Two Queens of France," an historical play referring to the time of the Crusades, was vetoed on its appearance by the Ministry of Fine

Arts. Its author seems to have been unconscious of any cause of offence in his work; he pleaded hard for a reversal of the sentence, but in vain. Then he published the play as a book, "regretting only that he could not give to the public that which was best worthy their attention—M. Gounod's music." The case seems a hard one, and, in his letter to the Minister, M. Legouvé puts his plea strongly, in words that must appeal to our feelings of justice. Setting out with the premise that the object of a Fine Arts Ministry is the encouragement of serious and difficult undertakings that have the promotion of art for their end, he proceeds to the following legitimate conclusion:—"On this showing, it seems to me that a dramatic writer who devotes three years to writing a play—who endeavours faithfully to reproduce a passage of history most important in a moral point of view—who has the good fortune to secure, as fellow-labourer in the work, the composer of 'Faust'—who obtains the assistance of a tragic artist of European reputation, Madame Ristori—and who, lastly, is so happy as to hear even his examiners (i. e., the censors) rank highly the literary value of his work;—such a writer, I do think, has a right to look for encouragement and support from the Ministry of Fine Arts."

Our readers may be curious to know upon what grounds the condemnation of this work was based. They are thus stated in M. Legouvé's preface, from which we have been making extracts. He says:—"The first and most serious objection is, that I touch upon a still-pending, and therefore dangerous, question—the Papal power." How far the present relations of the Holy Father and the Eldest Son of the Church are likely to be endangered by such a publication as "Les Deux Reines," we shall leave our readers to judge when we lay the history of the drama before them. The only other point to which the censors took exception was apparently a humorous passage on Taxation, which, perhaps, had in their eyes a slight flavour of possible disloyalty to a paternal government. It is difficult to see how these pleas justified the suppression of M. Legouvé's work; and we are inclined to think that the true key to the mystery has been unconsciously furnished by the author himself in his letter of remonstrance to the Minister of Fine Arts. Blundering on in straightforward ignorance, he confesses, and glories in the confession, that the cardinal point in his play is "the destruction in the world of a monstrous right, which the heathens and barbarians had bequeathed to us—the right of repudiation." We fear that M. Legouvé has but paid the penalty that was likely to be incurred by his utter forgetfulness of certain circumstances in the history of the First Empire which ought to have been fresh in his memory, and should have deterred him from so perilous an exploit as an onslaught upon the right of repudiation under the rule of one whose uncle repudiated Josephine and took Marie Louise. It would be quite consistent with this being the true cause of suppression that it should be kept entirely in the background; for discussions, and perhaps free comments, on the conduct of the First Napoleon could not be suffered by a prince who is still engaged on the apotheosis of that hero under the thin veil of "Julius Cæsar."

The historical basis of "Les Deux Reines" is briefly this:—Philip Augustus of France, at once the companion-in-arms and opponent of our Lion King, was married by proxy to Ingelburga, or Ingibjorg, sister of Knut, King of Denmark. When she came to France, to ascend the throne she seemed destined long to occupy, Philip was seized with an aversion for her, so sudden and inexplicable that his contemporaries assigned it to the immediate agency of the Prince of Darkness. An obsequious council of the French clergy, under the presidency of the King's uncle, who was Archbishop of Rheims, pronounced the marriage void on the ground of consanguinity. This was a plea too often abused in the Middle Ages; the Church had extended the forbidden degrees so far beyond their natural limits that it was not difficult to bring the members of different royal houses within some relationship that might give colour to a decree of avoidance. Freed from the hateful Danish yoke, Philip was soon charmed by the fascinating beauty of Agnes, daughter of the Duke of Méran, who had won the chivalry of France by her grace and gentleness. Ingelburga, forlorn, dethroned, disgraced, had on her side only the Church; and when she heard the sentence that pronounced her no longer Philip's wife, she cried out in broken French, "Wicked, wicked France! Rome, Rome!"

The distress caused by the interdict which Philip's conduct to Ingelburga provoked, is well depicted in "Les Deux Reines." The fourth act brings on the stage crowds of all ages and classes, young and old: mothers with dying infants; working men complaining that the feasts of the Church, their only holidays, have been taken from them; and orphan children lamenting that they have lost both their earthly and heavenly parents. They are kneeling at the church doors, praying for their reopening:—

"Ouvrez-vous, portes tutélaires!  
O dernier refuge des mères!  
O divine enceinte, ouvre-toi!"

But no outward answer is granted to this prayer:—

"Hélas, hélas!  
La voix ne répond pas!  
La porte, hélas! ne s'ouvre pas!"

It was to the mutinous spirit aroused among the people by their sufferings under the interdict that Philip at last yielded; but M. Legouvé, more poetically than accurately, makes him yield to the prayers of his people. Many passages displaying both thought and humour might be quoted from "Les Deux Reines;" but perhaps

\* Les Deux Reines de France. Drame avec Chœurs, en Quatre Actes, en Vers. Par Ernest Legouvé, de l'Académie Française. Musique de Charles Gounod. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères.



the description of taxation, which was one of the causes assigned for the "veto," may be considered especially worth reproduction:—

"L'Impôt ressemble fort au chiendent! . . .  
 Il prospère partout—grandit partout . . .  
 Un ennemi survient? L'Impôt monte! . . .  
 L'on part un jour pour la Croisade? L'Impôt!  
 On en revient? Impôt! . . .  
 Guerre! Inondation! Grand trouble! Grand repos!  
 Impôts! Impôts! Impôts! Et le beau dans l'espèce  
 C'est qu'une fois monté, jamais l'Impôt ne baisse;  
 La cause cessant, l'effet ne cesse pas!  
 Nos ancêtres l'ont vu jadis, et nos enfants  
 Le reverront, je gage, encore dans cinq cents ans!"

M. Legouvé's sympathy with Ingelburga does not prevent his doing full justice to the gentle graces of Agnes of Méran, whose sister became a saint and queen in Poland—so strangely different were the lives of those two daughters of the House of Méran.

We cannot close this notice without mentioning a characteristic anecdote of the great Napoleon related in M. Legouvé's Preface. The author's father, it seems, also wrote a play which was vetoed. The Emperor heard of it, read the book, sent for its author, and said:—"There is but one change I want made. In a scene with Sully, Henry IV. is made to say, 'I am afraid.' You must remove those words." "But, Sire, Henry's fears at that time are a matter of history." "Possibly; but, though a sovereign may feel fear, he must never own it."

Lastly, in commending M. Legouvé's work to the notice of all who are interested in Continental literature, we would, in justice to the author, draw their attention most specially to a beautiful passage in the first act (scene 6), descriptive of the moral torture suffered by Landresse, Philip's proxy for the marriage with Ingelburga, and to another scene (Act iii., scene 4) in the castle of Étampes, where the two Queens meet face to face, and Agnes of Méran is overcome with pity at the cruelties which Ingelburga has been made to suffer. These scenes alone would stamp M. Legouvé as a writer of great power and deep feeling, deserving of a better fate than he has met with in his own country.

#### THE AUCKLAND ISLES.\*

THE adventures of Robinson Crusoe have for several generations been read with intense interest by millions, probably, of people in almost every language, and have been the delight of Englishmen in particular from their schoolboy days up to the most advanced period of their lives. It is but rarely, however, that we find similar records of such events happening in actual life, for the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, and of his three years' solitary abode on the island of Juan Fernandez, the commonly supposed origin of Robinson Crusoe, appears to have done little more than suggest the main idea of his story to Defoe, who supplied all the remainder from his own fertile and creative genius. But in Captain Thomas Musgrave's account of his shipwreck on the Auckland Isles, and of the escape of himself and his crew after twenty months' thralldom, we find a description of real occurrences quite as singular and romantic as those related in "Robinson Crusoe," and in many respects far more painful. The whole narrative, indeed, from first to last, bears a striking resemblance to Defoe's story, and, as we read on, we are constantly and forcibly reminded of that wonderful tale. Mr. John Shillinglaw, the author of "Arctic Discovery," and editor of the present volume, which is compiled from the private journals of Captain Musgrave, justly observes, in a brief introductory chapter, that "few more interesting narratives of disasters at sea have ever been given to the world than the journals in which Captain Musgrave records the wreck of the *Grafton*. A great trial, bravely met and gallantly surmounted, is therein told with a care and exactness which is at the same time singularly modest."

On the 12th of November, 1863, Captain Musgrave sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, in the brig *Grafton*, bound for the South Sea Islands. She had an extremely rough passage, and encountered very tempestuous weather, with rain, boisterous gales, and an angry sea. After suffering in this way for several weeks, the *Grafton* was wrecked on the 3rd of January, 1864, on the principal island of a group in the Southern Ocean called the Auckland Isles. These islands were originally discovered by Captain Abraham Bristow, in a merchant vessel, during a whaling expedition, in the month of August, 1806. Captain Bristow named them the Auckland Isles out of compliment to his friend Lord Auckland, and immediately "took formal possession of them for the British Crown." They were subsequently visited at different periods by Sir James Clark Ross and Captain Crozier in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* (which were afterwards lost in the Arctic regions in connection with the ill-fated Franklin expedition), by Mr. Charles Enderby, Captain Charles Wilkes, and other enterprising navigators, English and American. They were also colonized for a short time by a small tribe of New Zealanders who had emigrated from their own island, and afterwards by a few Europeans, who opened "The Great Southern Whale Fishery" in the islands; but they were soon deserted by both parties, and the chief of the group was quite uninhabited when the *Grafton*, with Captain Musgrave on board, was wrecked there about two years ago.

\* Cast-away on the Auckland Isles. A Narrative of the Wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the Escape of the Crew after Twenty Months' Suffering. From the Private Journals of Captain Thomas Musgrave. London: Lockwood & Co.

During his twenty months' miserable residence on this bleak and dreary spot, Captain Musgrave kept a journal in which he made notes of every important event that happened, and of every adventure that befel him and his companions in misfortune, from the period of their being cast away. A considerable portion of this diary was written in seal's blood, which Captain Musgrave was obliged to use after his ink was gone. The journal does not appear to have been a daily record of events, but circumstances seem to have been chronicled indiscriminately here and there, according as they chanced to happen. We learn that Captain Musgrave and his fellow-sufferers contrived, after many weeks of patient toil and labour, to build themselves a kind of house or hut, formed partly of the sails, yards, &c., of the ship, partly of planks and boards taken from the wreck, and partly of timber cut from trees in the neighbouring forests, of which there are several near the spot where they were encamped. Here, again, the narrative bears a striking similitude to "Robinson Crusoe." Indeed, in writing his journal, Captain Musgrave would seem to have occasionally had Defoe's work in his mind. The whole book, as may be supposed, is extremely painful. The writer keenly depicts the scenes of trial and suffering, both bodily and mental, which he endured during his residence on the island, and he sometimes expresses himself in very forcible and affecting language, inspired by the terrible circumstances in which he found himself.

When Captain Musgrave and his companions had at length completed their hut, they roofed it in with thatch made of grass which grew on the island, and afterwards covered the outside with old canvas, which did not, however, by any means exclude the wind. In the interior, they constructed a fire-place of tin, zinc, and copper from the ship, with boards towards the top. The furniture consisted of two or three tables, some benches and stretchers to sleep on, a looking-glass, and a few other articles, all of which were likewise got from the wreck. The construction of this hut was a work of time and difficulty, for, besides having numerous obstacles to contend with in the shape of wet and stormy weather, high winds, scarcity of hands, and occasional sickness among the men, all of whom had caught severe colds from being compelled to lie on the damp ground, Captain Musgrave and his followers were sadly in want of proper tools for their work, their only implements being a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet. However, Mr. Raynal, the chief mate of the *Grafton*, who appears to have had a special mechanical genius, turned blacksmith on the present occasion, and manufactured a quantity of nails, thus rendering considerable assistance to his fellow-sufferers in building their hut. All the time they were compelled to abide on this remote and desolate spot, these unfortunate men had to encounter, in addition to their other hardships, great sufferings from the severity of the weather. Storms of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, alternated with violent hurricanes; and heavy falls of snow and sleet, together with sharp frosts, were of frequent occurrence. Fine warm days were but rare exceptions to the rule. The stock of ship's provisions, as may be imagined, was soon exhausted, but the party did not suffer for want of food while they remained on the island, although they frequently endured extreme toil, and had to face great dangers and difficulties in endeavouring to obtain the necessary means of subsistence. In the course of their researches, they discovered a root which grew abundantly everywhere, and which they found to be an excellent substitute for both bread and potatoes. It was, especially, an admirable relish with fish, and contained a good deal of saccharine matter, in consequence of which they made a quantity of sugar from it, and gave it the name of *saccharie*. They likewise manufactured from this prolific root a kind of beer, which they found preferable to cold water, and which they used as a substitute for tea. This beer was made by first grating the root on a large grater, afterwards putting it through the different processes of boiling and fermenting, and, finally, placing it in a cask, from which it was drawn off as it was wanted. They were soon compelled, however, to leave off drinking this beverage, and to take to water again, as it produced bowel complaint. Their food consisted chiefly of seals dressed in various ways, sea-gulls, oysters, mussels, and several other kinds of fish; penguins, quails, widgeons, snipes, and other wild fowl, with which the island abounded. Seals appear to have been the principal article of consumption, and, in killing these animals for food, the mariners used often to have very desperate encounters with them, as, when attacked, they will bravely face their adversaries, and fight long and furiously, in which case the party commencing the assault will seldom escape without damage. It therefore requires great art as well as nerve to overcome these creatures, the best method of killing them being to take them while they are asleep. They are likewise extremely ferocious among themselves; and pitched battles between large numbers of opposing forces, resulting in great slaughter, are no uncommon occurrences. Of the skins of the seals, Captain Musgrave and his fellow-castaways made themselves clothes after a time, using canvas ravellings for thread, and sewing with a sail-needle. They also found on the island a species of bark, which they could tan admirably, and of which they made themselves shoes. While they were on the island, Captain Musgrave and his followers frequently heard the barking of dogs, and discovered the tracks of many of these animals, which they imagined to be sheep-dogs, but they were never able to obtain a sight of one of them. In the course of their travels, however, they found a common domestic cat, and brought her home to their habitation.

On the 27th of June, 1865, Captain Musgrave, Mr. Raynal, and two of the men succeeded in launching a boat of their own construction, which was made partly of planks saved from the wreck



of the *Grafton*, and partly of timber cut out of the bush; the ballast, sails, &c., being mainly composed of salted seal-skins. In this operation Mr. Raynal took a very active part. He was largely engaged, not only in making the boat, but likewise in blacksmith's work, having manufactured a great number of implements required for the purpose, as they were terribly short of tools. These were constructed with much mechanical skill, and Mr. Raynal worked hard from morning till nearly midnight. Having stocked the boat with provisions and other necessities, they set sail in the hope of reaching New Zealand, from which they would endeavour to return, or would send for those left behind at Auckland. They reached no further than Camp Cove, about seven miles distant, the first day. Here they halted, and were afterwards obliged to take the two men who started with them back to the old camp at the wreck, as they could not be induced to proceed any further. After being detained several days by bad weather, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal again launched their boat on the 19th of July, and on the 25th of the same month they landed at Port Adventure, in a very weak and exhausted state, and were kindly received by Captain Cross of the *Flying Scud*. They afterwards sailed with him for the island of Invercargill, where they landed on the morning of the 27th of July. Having stated the circumstance of his shipwreck at Auckland to the authorities at Invercargill, a large subscription was immediately got up for Captain Musgrave, and finally a boat, well furnished with clothing, blankets, and other necessities, was provided to enable him to return to the former island for the men who had been left there. On the 30th of July the boat weighed anchor, and, after an extremely rough passage, and repeated delays owing to great stress of weather, they once more landed at Auckland, on the 24th of August, and "beat up" for their old hut, within a mile of which they met with their fellow castaways. The poor men were in a very reduced condition, being half-starved. Captain Musgrave immediately provided them with a hearty and substantial meal, to which they did ample justice, for they had been so pinched for food during the captain's absence that, on one occasion, they were obliged to catch mice and eat them. "Moreover, it appears," says our author, "that they could not agree, and, strange as it may seem, although there were only two of them on the island, they were on the point of separating and living apart!" On the 1st of September, the whole party took their final departure from the Auckland Islands, and on the 14th arrived at Port Adventure, whence Captain Musgrave soon afterwards sailed for Melbourne.

In the course of his wanderings in Auckland, the captain had discovered the dead body of a man having the appearance of a seaman who had died of starvation, and he also found the ruins of some huts, traces of vegetation, and other signs of the island having been inhabited. On arriving at Melbourne, from which port several vessels which had previously sailed were missing, Captain Musgrave waited on the authorities, and having stated the above facts, offered his services to rescue those persons whom he believed to be still on the island. A steam-ship was accordingly at once equipped under the command of Captain Norman, and, this vessel being amply supplied with stores, clothing, &c., set sail for Auckland on the 4th of last October, accompanied by Captain Musgrave. However, on arriving at the island, no signs of any human beings, either dead or living, were discovered, although the group was diligently searched throughout. It is supposed that the greater number of the castaways had been previously rescued by foreign vessels which had touched at the Auckland Isles at different periods, as explained in the introduction and appendix to Captain Musgrave's work by Mr. Shillinglaw, the editor.

The present narrative is a most striking record of patient endurance and heroic fortitude under severe trials and sufferings, of dogged perseverance and resolution; and we have no doubt that the work will be read with the deepest interest, and with combined feelings of pity and admiration, by many persons both in England and the colonies.

#### BOOKS OF POEMS.\*

It occasionally happens to a Parliamentary orator that he has prepared a fine speech for a certain occasion which never comes to pass, and that he is consequently obliged to remodel his materials, so as to bring them in at the first opportunity he can either find or make—sometimes with no little violence, and in such a way as sorely to try the patience of the House. A similar accident seems

\* *Raleigh: his Life and his Death. A Historical Play in Five Acts.* By Martin F. Tupper. London: John Mitchell.

*Lancelot: with Sonnets and other Poems.* By William Fulford, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. London: Moxon & Co.

*Cowl and Cap; or, the Rival Churches: and Minor Poems.* By Catherine F. B. Macready. London: Moxon & Co.

*Clarkson Gray, and other Poems.* By Mrs. James Morton. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

*Euthanasia: a Poem in Four Cantos of Spenserian Metre on the Discovery of the North-west Passage by Sir John Franklin, Knight.* By Erasmus H. Brodie, One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. London: Longmans & Co.

*Pocahontas; or, the Founding of Virginia. A Poem in Three Cantos.* By the Rev. O. Prescott Hillier. London: Hatchard & Co.

*Tales, Songs, and Sonnets.* By J. W. Dalby. London: Longmans & Co.

*Percy Villiers, and other Poems.* By John Newlands, formerly a Volunteer under General Garibaldi. London: A. W. Bennett.

*Poems.* By T. Frederick Ball. London: A. W. Bennett.

*Lyric Leaflets shed in Early Spring.* By George R. Wright, F.S.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

*Home Poetics.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

*Poems.* By the Rev. E. S. Wilbers. London: Hatchard & Co.

to have befallen Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. At one time, he tells us, he was meditating and reading for a Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, but, finding in the course of his researches so many good works on that hero as to render his own superfluous, he very prudently and considerably gave up the design. There was a heap of matter, however, to be utilized, and the idea occurred to Mr. Tupper that he could make a play out of the fortunes of that famous historian, poet, courtier, captain, pirate, and colonizer, who certainly forms one of the most striking, picturesque, gallant, and interesting figures of the days of Elizabeth and James. To the philosophic mind of Tupper it seemed that there had been no "fair dramatic impersonation" of Sir Walter Raleigh, or of Elizabeth, or of her successor; and to relieve our drama from this opprobrium, as well as to use up his laboriously-collected facts, he determined on the composition of the play which he now gives to the public. No sooner thought of than done—to indulge in a mild hyperbole. "This play," writes our proverbial friend, "has crystallized, quickly and lately, out of a small literary misadventure"—to wit, that which we have just described. In the composition of his tragic drama, Mr. Tupper has followed in the steps of Shakespeare—in one respect. He has scorned and trampled on "the unities." Those inconvenient traditions of Greek antiquity might, he says, "have been all very well for the infancy of the drama, when a few rustics, smeared with wine-lees, impersonated in a cart for the honorarium of a goat;" that is to say, they were excellently suited for such rude and uncultured triflers as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, but the soul of Tupper disdains to be bound by them. We are far from saying that the soul of Tupper is not perfectly right; unquestionably, the unities are neither fitted for nor required by the modern drama. But we think he might have been a little more considerate of those worthy old Hellenes who did their best according to the light that was in them, and were not so advantageously placed as Mr. Tupper for producing masterpieces of dramatic art. At any rate, our philosophical poet has decided against the unities, and has allowed himself, in this historical play, the utmost license in the matter of time that heart could desire. "I have dared to condense therein," says he, "two or three score years" (he is not particular as to a trifle) "into a short spectacle of two or three hours." Also he has intentionally falsified certain matters of fact, as far as concerns the dates of their occurrence, "for the sake of scenic effect." If critics like to blame this, let them. "Nothing is easier than to find fault," avers Mr. Tupper, insensibly adding another axiom to his "Proverbial Philosophy." We would venture to suggest that that depends upon the nature of the fault-finding; but certainly to find fault with Mr. Tupper as a dramatic poet is no very difficult task. We prefer, however, that the reader should judge for himself. The first scene of "*Raleigh*" represents the exterior of Hayes-Barton manor-house, the Devonshire seat of the future hero's parents. Peasants enter from the sides; and one of them, whom we are told to consider as speaking "clownishly," says:—

"So,—Squire's agoin' again to Lunnnon-town."

This is certainly an original way of commencing a tragic drama. Then we have a quarrel between two peasant girls for the possession of one Gregory, who is described in the list of characters as "Raleigh's servant, faithful, but egotistic." Then Gregory talks to the girls about what he has seen of life with young Master Walter; and Mr. Tupper exercises great ingenuity in introducing such allusions as shall make us distinctly understand that he is aware of the fact that Raleigh was contemporary with Sir Philip Sidney, Francis Bacon, Edward Coke, and William Shakespeare. Subsequently, young Walter's father and mother come in, and give their son, the one a sword, and the other a Bible, previous for his departure to London, that he may be armed "against peril in two worlds." A little love-passage between Walter and his pretty cousin Lily follows, and then the young adventurer mounts his horse, drinks a cup of wine, passes the same round to the rustics, and rides off, the peasants singing an extempore song, and dancing, after the manner of peasants in operas. Mr. Tupper, by the way, is fond of these spectacular effects, for we have another dance in a subsequent scene, and one or two pageants. In the second scene we find Raleigh in London, throwing down his cloak in the muddy roadway for the Queen to pass over, according to the rather apocryphal story; and here we have unfolded the commencement of Elizabeth's patronage of Raleigh, and of the plots of the Spaniard, Gondomar, against him, ending, in the last act, with the adventurer's condemnation and execution. The characters are all the merest phantoms, and of dramatic interest there is absolutely none, since there is no centre to the action. Of the nature of the writing, let the following passage be a sufficing, as it is certainly a fair specimen:—

"If folks would but think

How easy it is for most of us to lie,  
How soon a lie takes root, spreading like couch,  
And how much mischief, how much misery,  
Grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength,  
I trow they'd not give heed so speedily  
To groundless gossip."

Mr. William Fulford's "*Lancelot*" re-introduces us to the old Arthurian legends, which, we must say, have of late been somewhat over-done. It was rather venturesome in an unknown aspirant to re-tell the story of Queen Guinevere's sin and repentance, which was so beautifully treated by Mr. Tennyson in the "*Idylls of the King*," as well as that of Modred's rebellion and Arthur's death, which the Laureate has also illustrated in his "*Morte d'Arthur*."



But one of the unfortunate results of genius is that it creates a number of imitators who, because a certain instrument has been exquisitely played by the master hand, think they can do no better than harp upon the same keys with their own less skilful touch. Mr. Tennyson has set a great many fashions in his time, which others have caught up and paraded until we have lost all patience with them. Twenty years ago, it was considered indispensable by all young poets to write in the manner and the measure of "Locksley Hall." Since then, we have had at least a dozen poems in the pre-Raphaelistic style of "The Princess," any number of self-communing verses in the stanza of "In Memoriam," several reproductions of the Arthurian Legends, and a handful of "Northern Farmers." Mr. Fulford favours the heroic. He has been to the old romance of Sir Thomas Malory, and in many places has followed the very language so closely that some acknowledgment of the obligation would have been but fair. His poem is not without a real elegance and dignity; but we must say that its best elements are those for which the author is indebted to the grand and noble old story he has selected for treatment, and to the touching and picturesque version of the Welsh knight who, in the reign of Edward IV., gave a new English form to the ancient British legends. In what is more his own, Mr. Fulford has fallen too much into the error of supposing that simplicity, even to barrenness, is the highest characteristic of poetry. The miscellaneous poems in the same volume have much the same fault; but they always show the hand of a scholar and a gentleman. The sixty love sonnets are written after the model of Shakespeare's, and have something of the great poet's manner; but they are wanting in force and colour. The play called "Buondelmonti's Wedding" is the least successful of Mr. Fulford's productions. It is very raw and unformed.

"Cowl and Cap" is a tale by a lady, based on the agitations, persecutions, and jealousies consequent on the Reformation. It is fairly written, but does not rise above the ordinary level. In "Clarkson Gray," also by a lady, the most noticeable feature that we can discover is the strange way in which the authoress breaks up her heroic lines; as thus:—

"We're going south, young man;  
If that's your way,  
You're welcome to a life!"  
Cried  
Dr. Gray."

This is assuredly very novel, and we will not deny that it gives a certain character to the work.

"Euthanasia" is the first instalment of a poem which, when completed, is to be in four cantos, and which is to relate the final expedition of Sir John Franklin, the discovery of the North-west passage by that great Arctic voyager, and the miserable end of himself and his companions. As in all poems of a similar kind, where actual events are related, and the author has manifestly "got up" his facts by careful reading and research, the effect is prosaic; and we must make the same remark of "Pocahontas," by the Rev. Mr. Prescott Hiller, apparently an American gentleman. Both productions are written in the Spenserian stanza, and are of very moderate merit. These artificially constructed poems are always much less striking, and even less poetical, than the prose narratives on which they are founded. Some idea of the manner in which Mr. Hiller has executed his task may be derived from the fact that he is ashamed of the plain name of his hero, Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, and the adventurous Englishman with whom the Indian princess fell in love. He calls him "Victor," and excuses himself in this absurd stanza:—

"But now a third adventurous spirit see,  
The hero of the band. To tell his name,  
I really dare not here in poesy:  
'Twill not endure it: 'tis indeed too tame  
And unheroic: damsels would exclaim.  
So I shall call him Victor, *nom de guerre*;  
And when you've heard the story of his fame  
And daring deeds in countries far and near,  
I'm sure you will pronounce the title earn'd and fair."

Mr. J. W. Dalby, who puts forth a volume of "Tales, Songs, and Sonnets," appears to have been a friend and great admirer of Leigh Hunt, to whom frequent allusions are made in his verses. He is evidently a man of a highly liberal and amiable mind, gifted with fine tastes and warm sympathies, political and personal; and his poems, while very unassuming, are marked by much feeling and literary grace.

"Percy Villiers" is a poem after the style of "Don Juan"—a very difficult style to imitate effectively, but for which the imitators seem to think that a stock of small cynicism, and a facility in making double rhymes in an eight-lined stanza, are sufficient qualifications. Mr. Newlands succeeds no better, and fails no worse, than many other adventurers in the same line.

Of the other volumes on our list there is nothing specific to be said, except that the last is published for the benefit of Church extension at the Cape of Good Hope. They are simply commonplace and inoffensive.

#### FRANZ SCHUBERT.\*

THE life of a musical composer seldom offers materials for a biographical narrative of general interest, unless in those exceptional

\* Franz Schubert: a Musical Biography. From the German of Dr. Heinrich Kreissle von Hellborn. By Edward Wilberforce. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

cases where the subject of the biography has travelled much, mixed actively in general society, or been a voluminous correspondent—not one of which conditions was fulfilled by Franz Schubert. Born in 1797 and dying in 1828, his brief career was run in close proximity of time and place with Beethoven, the grandeur and splendour of whose genius eclipsed the smaller light of one whose tendency was in a similar direction of abstract idealism, but with weaker powers of manifestation. It may be urged that other composers, especially Spohr and Weber, were able to achieve greatness contemporaneously with Beethoven; but it should be remembered that both were great instrumentalists—Spohr as a violinist, Weber as a pianist—and that, moreover, they were not, as Schubert was, seeking recognition almost exclusively in the same city (Vienna) with the art-giant, Beethoven. It is strange that, being in such near neighbourhood (living thirty years contemporaneously in the same city), Schubert and Beethoven should only have met just before the death of the latter. The proud reserve of Beethoven, and the awe in which he was held by the sensitive Schubert, probably tended to keep them asunder, notwithstanding some general similarity (allowing for difference of degree) in the direction of their genius.

Schubert adds one more to the instances of precocious musical talent, since as a child of ten or eleven years old he played the violin, piano, and organ, and very shortly afterwards produced vocal and instrumental compositions of magnitude and importance. At the age of seventeen we find him taking the position of assistant or usher at a school kept by his father. Even here, however, amid all the distraction and drudgery of such a position, so strong were the promptings of his genius, and so great was his facility of production, that some of his best songs date from this period. It is by such works that Schubert is chiefly known to the general public. His "Ständchen," "Ungeduld," "Wanderer," "Ave Maria," "Die Forelle," and many others of the five or six hundred which he composed, will live as long as refined poetical sentiment and nobility of style are prized in music. Schubert, in fact, has more thoroughly and copiously developed the romantic and poetical spirit of German song than any other composer. Beethoven himself, we are told, near the close of his life, not having "known more than five songs of Schubert's before, was astonished at their number, and would not believe Schubert had composed more than 500 already. But, if he was surprised at their number, he was filled with the utmost surprise at their merits. For several days he could not tear himself away from them. . . . He cried out several times with joyful enthusiasm, 'There is indeed a divine spark in Schubert.'"

Marvellous as was Schubert's productiveness as a song-writer, these works formed but a portion of the art labours of his brief existence. In every form of musical composition his genius was exercised. Pianoforte music, solo and concerted; string quartets and quintets; masses, cantatas, operas, and symphonies, are left to prove the fertility and versatility of a composer whose fame has been chiefly posthumous. His operas seem to have met with but small success. "The only performance," we are told of "Alfonso and Estrella," "that has ever taken place was under the direction of Liszt at Weimar." This was in 1854. "Fierabras," the other most important of the several operas which he composed, we are told, "was written for Barbaja, who was then the manager of the Imperial Opera. But, as Barbaja's lease came to an end two years after this order had been given, and a new management succeeded, the work was neither paid for nor produced." As an instance of Schubert's extraordinary facility and rapidity of composition, it is said that the opera of "Fierabras," filling about one thousand pages, was finished in four months.

All Schubert's more ambitious works, especially his instrumental music, are characterized by great redundancy, and, occasionally, by an excessive reiteration that fatigues the attention in spite of the poetical beauty and refined musical idealism which they contain. His pianoforte sonatas are especially open to this criticism. Of his seven orchestral symphonies, the last and greatest (in C) has only recently become known to English hearers by its several excellent performances at the concerts of the Musical Society and the New Philharmonic Society. This great work was first made known at Leipzig, through the instrumentality of Robert Schumann and Mendelssohn, with both of whom it was an especial favourite. Schumann has written a long notice of this symphony, a translation of which is given in the volume before us; and Mendelssohn, we know, strongly but fruitlessly urged its performance, many years since, at the concerts of the elder Philharmonic Society, which was then governed by more conservative principles than those which now prevail there. The symphony is indeed a splendid dream of a musical poet, who abandons himself to his imagination, unfettered by any of the trammels of form and construction. It is therefore to be accepted for the manifold beauties of its romantic idealism, in spite of those many reiterations and that somewhat wild freedom of fancy which render it by no means a model for the student's imitation.

The career of Schubert offers a painful instance of the struggle of unrecognised genius with poverty and contemporary neglect. It was frequently with difficulty that he could obtain any payment whatever for his compositions, and when he did succeed in disposing of a work, the price paid might generally be reckoned by shillings. At his death, the property which he left "consisted simply of his clothing, and was officially valued at a little more than £6." The expenses of his last illness and his funeral were defrayed by the proceeds of a concert got up for the purpose. Of his personal appearance we read that "it was anything but attractive. His round, fat, puffy face, with his low forehead, pro-



jecting lips, bushy eyebrows, stumpy nose, and frizzly hair, gave him rather the appearance of a negro. . . . He was under the middle height, round-backed, and round-shouldered, with thick, fleshy arms and hands and short fingers. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of his face; his look was neither clever nor pleasing. But when the conversation turned on music, and especially on Beethoven, his face lighted up, and his eyes began to sparkle."

Mr. Wilberforce has given us rather a condensed paraphrase than a translation of the original German biography—appending a supplementary essay "On Musical Biography," which has nothing whatever to do with the subject of the work, and occupies space that would have been more worthily devoted to a catalogue of Schubert's compositions. The book, however, will interest those who wish for some information respecting a composer whose varied powers have only lately been made manifest.

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.\*

THE Early English Text Society continues to stand almost at the head of publishing societies; indeed, among those which deal with literature, it has no rival for both the quantity and quality of its publications. For 1864 it gave its subscribers four volumes; for 1865 it gives seven, three of which, now before us, almost equal in bulk the previous series. The subjects again are equally well chosen, with the double object of illustrating the history of our language, and publishing texts of real interest; and the editorial work is, for the most part, well done. That several competent editors can be found for the Society's publications is a proof that the study of early English is at length assuming the place it should long ago have held.

The "Morte Arthure," taken from a manuscript in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, is an interesting contribution to the Arthurian poetical literature. Some people, indeed, are beginning to complain that we are having too much of these poetical romances, and that many more interesting works might be found. There is something, however, to be said on the other side. Poetry is generally the most spontaneous and therefore characteristic literature of a nation in a condition of unsophisticated civilization. The subject of these romances was the favourite one of the poets of the age, and it was treated after the manner of unartificial poets, as though it were contemporary history, so that manners and customs are as well illustrated as they would be by historians. Of course, to many it is wearisome to struggle through long stories of seemingly purposeless battles and combats; but such may take refuge in the ample side-notes. Those who are interested in either the language or the life of our ancestors in the fourteenth century, will be at the trouble to go a little further. For manners, nothing could well be more curious than the description of the feast at which Arthur entertains the Roman embassy with a variety of dishes worthy of Lucullus, in which peacocks, great swans, and young hawks (braunchers), ostentatiously vary the modern venison, sucking-pigs, boar's heads, and wild-ducks—a repast of which the king, with characteristic mediæval hospitality, excuses the barrenness. A very different picture is that of the great sea-fight between Arthur's fleet and the ships of Modred the rebel—a subject of singular interest, as one cannot forget that, about the time of the writer, King Edward III. gained that famous sea-fight against the French, which made him place upon his gold noble the device of the King of England in a ship of war. The place of Arthur's sea-fight off the coast of Flanders (Edward fought the French near Sluys), the ships bearing castles, the prowess of the "archers of England," all point to this event or some such conflict in the narrow seas, and give another instance of the true sailor qualities of the English of the Middle Ages, which the Hanseatic monopoly so long cramped into narrow bounds by rendering a merchant navy impossible. But enough of the "Morte Arthure." Every one knows that Arthur slays the traitor Modred, and himself dies in the Isle of Avalon, for the Laureate has told us of these things in better verse than the best of his predecessors could write. The curious may like to know that the king has no interview with Guinevere, and gives her a very conditional pardon:

"If Waynor have well wrought, well her betide."

We must add that the editor, the Rev. George Perry, has done his work very carefully, and that an essay by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, on the metre of the poem, is of especial value.

An early English religious poem of the middle of the thirteenth century, relating "The Story of Genesis and Exodus," is a still more interesting volume, on account of its never having been published before, of its philological characteristics, and of the importance of its subject. With the philological matters the reader must make acquaintance by study of the poem, with the assistance of the excellent preface of the editor, Mr. Richard Morris; but it may be remarked that a careful study of the language of this age would be of great service to those who value a Saxon style, for it would accustom them to those Saxon words and terms of expression which are not obsolete, especially in the speech of the common people, which the author was careful to use, though few writers, except Tennyson and Kingsley, are at any pains to seek them out.

\* Morte Arthure. Edited by George G. Perry, M.A.—The Story of Genesis and Exodus. Edited by Richard Morris.—Chaucer Animadversions, &c. By Francis Thynne. Edited by G. H. Kingsley, M.D.—Early English Text Society. London: Trübner & Co.

More on this subject we shall not say; but the reader may like to know the object with which the work was written, and the nature of its contents. The unknown author tells us that he wished to teach the laity, though not book-learned, to love and serve God, and chose for his subject man's bliss and sorrow, and how salvation came through Christ. He accordingly turned into verse the main events related in Genesis and Exodus, with some told in Numbers and Deuteronomy; and, though he added certain traditions and legends then generally received, he made no use of any of the absurd and childish stories which later writers did not hesitate to mix up with sacred history. The poetical merit of the writer is certainly but small; the reader cannot, however, but feel an interest in one who has well carried out a pious work. It was characteristic of that age, that a learned man, probably an ecclesiastic, should endeavour to instruct the common people by relating to them Bible history in their own language; and the manner in which he has achieved his work is full of curious illustrations, not only of the religious thought, but also of the customs, of the time. Thus, Joseph, in interpreting Pharaoh's chief butler's dream, says, "Good is" "to dremen of win." Moses cures the daughter of the Ethiopian king of love for him by giving her a gem of price, on which he had graven a likeness causing forgetfulness, and set it in a ring of gold. The author contrasts the simplicity of the patriarchal manners with the luxury of the great in his own times, when, telling of Jethro, "that rich man," whose seven daughters kept his flocks, he adds, that pride in that day was not so great as now. An ecclesiastical custom—coming seven times to the font at Easter—is traced to the events of the passage of the Red Sea. The story is told with much simplicity and natural refinement, and with a strong sense of its value for the instruction of Christian people, which gives the writer's style an earnestness that often rises to dignity.

Francis Thynne's "Animadversions" upon Speght's Chaucer is a reprint of a tract of much value, in the quaint style of a learned man of the close of the sixteenth century, full of curious information, which will be welcome to all lovers of the great old English poet, as well as to those who care for the manner of the Elizabethan writers.

#### A NOBLE LIFE.\*

It appears to us that Mrs. Craik's two latest works of fiction, "Christian's Mistake," and the story now before us, entitled "A Noble Life," disclose a marked and regrettable falling off from the excellence of her earlier novels, "Olive," "Agatha's Husband," and "The Head of the Family." In those works her characters bore a sufficiently near resemblance to living types to indicate that they had been honestly studied from the life; in "Christian's Mistake," but more notably in the present work, she seems to have produced her personages after the approved method of the German psychologists and metaphysicians—that is to say, from the depths of her own moral consciousness. Their attributes are entirely arbitrary; they represent neither types nor individualities, but are mere puppets which serve as mediums for the expression of the authoress's own thoughts and feelings, sympathies and prejudices, under certain imaginary circumstances. Of these, a fundamental condition, seemingly, is that the lives of the characters shall be perfectly untouched by any influences—out of the infinite number that act and react upon every human being—beyond the few which she allows herself to take into account. She appears never to have comprehended the fact that, in the grand drama of life, the very best of men are linked by the indissoluble bond of humanity to the very worst of men. In the life of mankind there is no such thing as absolute goodness and badness, and the novelist who divides his characters according to those two standards, represents that which has no existence in fact or in possibility. This is precisely what the authoress of "A Noble Life" has done in her present book, and in the book which immediately preceded it. We have said that her characters are puppets; we must add that the good or bad sentiments which they express are such as might have been allotted to them had they been intended to carry on the action of a nursery tale, instead of that of a novel addressed to grown-up readers. Indeed, there is not a little childishness displayed, in the course of the story, by the characters whom the authoress has set in motion. Here is an example, out of many which we could cite: a "naughty" boy of four years old is thus presented:—"In his wildest passion of grief or wrath, it was only necessary to say to the child, 'If the Earl could see you!' to make him pause; and many and many a time, whenever motherly authority—which in this case was weakened both by over-indulgence and by an almost morbid terror of the results of the same—failed to conquer the child, Helen used, as a last resource, to bring him in her arms, set him down beside Lord Cairnforth, and leave him there. She never came back but she found Boy 'good.' The use of such exaggerated expressions as "wildest passion of grief or wrath," with reference to a child just out of his babyhood, is characteristic of the spirit in which all the good people of the book are made to feel and speak. When the mother returns and finds her child "good," this is the remark of the Earl, a man of six-and-twenty, whose moral influence has been so wholesomely exercised:—"He makes me good, too, I think—for he makes me happy." Is it too much to call this sheer namby-pamby? The Earl here referred to is the hero of the book, and so

\* A Noble Life. By the Author of "John Halifax." Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.



completely deformed as to be almost helpless, physically; but, at the same time, he is exceptionally endowed, both intellectually and morally. About his undeveloped and useless body, the authoress sighs out a perfect atmosphere of sentimentality. "For everybody loved him," she says; and then she adds one of the feebly shallow generalizations of which there are a large number in the book:—"Women of course did: they could not help it; but men were drawn to him likewise, with the sort of reverential tenderness that they would feel towards a suffering child or woman." Here we see that the authoress takes no account whatever of the differences of character exhibited in actual life; to her the motives of any number of people are all precisely alike under given circumstances—the motives being her own. Almost in spite of ourselves, such writing as this calls to our mind the novels of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Oliphant, and we recognise how wide a gulf lies between "Adam Bede," "Mothers and Daughters," "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and "A Noble Life." In each of those novels there are types of pure-minded men and women, drawn from the living originals, and sentiments fervently expressed that move the reader to the very depths of his heart, the more deeply the larger his heart may be. From the reading of such novels no one can fail to receive benefit—knowledge of men's lives, thoughts, feelings, and motives, sympathies enlarged by wholesome exercise; from such a novel as "A Noble Life" we cannot see how any one can derive any sort of knowledge, moral or intellectual. What is the use of a teacher who tells us what we cannot and ought not to believe? How can it help to make us love generosity to say that an imaginary Earl exercised the faculty of giving, out of his large revenues, "so delicately, that the most sensitive went away with their pride unwounded, and the most hardened and irreligious were softened by it into thankfulness to One higher than their earthly benefactor—who was only the medium through whom the blessings came"? This is nothing more than the harmless teaching of the nursery, which becomes harmful so soon as it is applied to the affairs of men and women fighting the battle of life. Hardened and irreligious men are not softened into religious ardour by a mere act of delicately-rendered generosity, and it is as well that, after the age of childhood, the truth should be known to all and accepted by all. The authoress of "A Noble Life" writes as she might if she were addressing an audience of good little boys and girls; in doing so, in our opinion, she makes a great mistake. As we remarked at the beginning of this notice, her two latest novels are inferior to those which preceded them; and we have no hesitation in saying that "A Noble Life" is, in all respects, inferior to "Christian's Mistake."

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Experiment of Three Hundred Years.* By the Very Rev. Hussey Burgh Macartney, D.D., Dean of Melbourne. (Dublin: George Herbert.)—Dr. Macartney reissues a little work originally published by him in 1847, in which he recapitulates the leading facts respecting the efforts made by the English Government to make known the Gospel to the Irish nation, from the period of the Reformation to the present day. Having been absent from his native country from 1847 to 1865, he has not until recently had any further opportunities of personally watching the action of Government in Ireland on this important question; but, on his return to Ireland last year, his attention was again directed to the subject, and, at the request of others, he has printed a second edition of his remarks. He says that he has found little to alter, and nothing to add, beyond an expression of gratitude to English Churchmen for the increasing interest they take in the spiritual welfare of Ireland. But he avers that, together with this feeling on the part of Churchmen, he has observed what looks like a determination in high places to crush the Protestant Establishment. "Not only," he writes, "are the great body of the clergy shut out from the promotion all deserving men are entitled to look for, on account of opinions which their enemies cannot represent as inconsistent with their faithfulness to God or their loyalty to the Crown; but that proscription which was formerly confined to the clergy is now extended to the laity, and, from the judicial bench to the lowest turnkey's office, nominal Protestantism is a hindrance to promotion—faithful, earnest Protestantism, almost an absolute disqualification. Hence the lower classes, and the poor of all classes, fly to the United States and the colonies, and the wealthy to Great Britain or the Continent of Europe; and then the Church, while the sword of Damocles hangs over her head, is taunted that her numbers do not increase." In the small treatise thus ushered for a second time into the world, Dr. Macartney gives an historical sketch of the position of the English Church in Ireland during the last three centuries—a sketch which deserves to be read by all who take an interest in the progress of Protestantism in the sister kingdom.

*The Amulet: a Tale of Spanish California.* (Longmans & Co.)—Readers of *Fraser's Magazine* are already familiar with this tale, which recently appeared in successive numbers of that periodical. The author says that it "makes no claim to the character of an elaborate work of fiction. It was compiled, rather than written, during short intervals of leisure, from a variety of memoranda and notes relating to the people, social habits, occupations, sports, and physical characteristics, of the lower part of Alta-California." The date of the story is 1852, at which period, we are told, the country was thinly populated, and solely devoted to the raising of cattle and horses. The proprietors of the soil were chiefly of Spanish or Mexican descent, while the lower orders were of Indian or mixed blood. The Anglo-Americans, entering the country by the harbour of San Francisco, flocked chiefly towards the gold-fields in the north; so that the southern part of the country still retained its semi-Spanish characteristics. This is the state of things—so some extent altered now—

which the writer of the present tale aims at delineating. The story, as its author admits, is but slight, and the literary style is rather affected and "choppy;" but the picture unfolded in the work, of a wild, pastoral, roving, picturesque life, is vivid and curious. The writer says that "the sketches of social life, of physical geography and scenery, as well as any notices of the vegetable or animal inhabitants of the country, are based on personal observation, and may be confirmed by reference to the latter part of Mr. Frobel's valuable work on 'Central America, Mexico, and the Far West of the United States.'"

*A Woman's Thoughts on the Education of Girls.* By Mrs. Roe. (F. Pitman.)—Desirous of emphasizing what she seems to regard as the complementary half of Pope's celebrated axiom about the proper study of mankind being man, Mrs. Roe undertakes to show that the proper study of womankind is woman. She says she will "leave the men alone," as she has not "presumption enough to pretend to lecture the 'lords of the creation.'"

These phrases, and a habit of making stock quotations, such as "the child is father of the man," "footprints in the sands of time," &c., will give the reader a sufficient idea of the style in which Mrs. Roe writes. Her remarks are very commonplace, though including a certain proportion of truth; but they seem to have suited the Derby audience before whom they were delivered in the form of a lecture.

*Rough Nights' Quarters.* By One of the People who have Roughed it. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—We have here No. XII. of "Odds and Ends." The essay arises out of the *Pall Mall* writer's experiences as a "casual" in the Lambeth workhouse-shed, and the object of the author seems to be to show that many travellers are obliged to sleep, or voluntarily sleep, in situations as exposed as those of the unfortunate paupers under the supervision of "Old Daddy," and that there is no hardship in it. There is a great difference, however, between men warmly clothed and well fed, and the half-naked, half-starved wretches who apply for admission into the casual wards of a workhouse. We do not see what the writer proves, or what his observations are worth.

*The Light Blue.* A Cambridge University Magazine. (Livingtons.)—The first number of a new University Magazine is before us. It is to be published twice in each term, and is to be written entirely by gentlemen now connected, or who have been connected, with the various colleges of Cambridge, whether as graduates or undergraduates. All shades of political opinion are to be allowed free expression; but nothing calculated to give offence to the governing body will be admitted. The contents of the number now in our hands are sufficiently varied to interest all intelligent readers, whether University men or not; the only article of a purely local nature being the last—"While the Ball is Rolling: a Chronicle of Passing Events." The other papers are entitled "Spiritual Communications: a New Theory of Ghosts;" "The Writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold;" "Oina-Morul," a poem from Ossian; and "Long Vacation Rambles." All of these are treated in the style which we should expect from gentlemen of culture and taste; but we can say nothing in favour of the illustration to the poem. It is, in truth, as bad as bad can be.

*The Harlequin.* No. I. (Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton.)—Oxford is desirous of having a *Punch* of her own; so here it is, portfolio-sized, green-covered, and adorned with an etched caricature. The letter-press consists of four pages of large type, and the jokes are of the ordinary *Punch* character. We have yet to learn how far Oxford will be satisfied.

*The Danger of Deterioration of Race, from the Too Rapid Increase of Great Cities.* By John Edward Morgan, M.A., M.D., Oxon, &c. (Longmans & Co.)—Dr. Morgan has reprinted, in the form of a little book, a paper read by him at the Social Science Congress, Sheffield, on the 10th of last October. His object is to show that, by overcrowding, deficiency of ozone, poisoning of the air by unhealthy exhalations, excess of sedentary employments, and dissipation, the physical condition of the lower classes in large towns, such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, is becoming greatly impaired. The subject is one of grave importance, and it is well handled by Dr. Morgan.

*Robin Hood: a Collection of Poems, Songs, and Ballads.* With Notes by John Mathew Gutch, F.S.A., and Life by John Hicklin, of Nottingham. (Tegg.)—We have here a very pretty and satisfactory edition of the pleasant old Robin Hood ballads, accompanied by a life of the "gentle thief," a glossary, and as much collateral information as can reasonably be required. The woodcut illustrations, however, are poor enough.

We have also received an elegant little volume entitled *Passages from the Works of Shakespeare*, selected and translated into German (including the English text) by Gustav Solling, late of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, &c. (Trübner & Co.);—some *Remarks on Rinderpest*, by Charles Bell, M.D., giving a brief account of methods of cure practised by the writer (Hardwicke);—*A Safe and Constitutional Plan of Parliamentary Reform*, in Two Letters to a Member of the Conservative Party, by Sir John E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., Recorder of Warwick (Ridgway);—*Captain Coles and the Admiralty*, with an *Inquiry into the Origin and Principles of the Turret System of Armour-clad War Vessels*, by the Son of an Old Naval Officer (Longmans & Co.), a pamphlet written in favour of Captain Ericsson and against Captain Coles;—*Full and Free Ritual the Birthright of Englishmen* (Dorrell & Son), an argument on behalf of Ritualistic observances in the Church of England;—*Anglo-Romanism Unveiled*; or, *Canon Oakeley and Dr. Newman at Issue with the "Catholic and Roman" Church*, and with *One Another*, a letter addressed to the Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D., by a Layman (J. T. Hayes);—*Answer to Mr. Christopher Hodgson's Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Present Regulations for the Distribution and Management of the Funds of Queen Anne's Bounty by the Lincoln Church Association for the Augmentation of Poor Livings* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.);—*Maritime Capture: Shall England uphold the Capture of Private Property at Sea?*—a question answered in the negative by "A Lawyer" (Trübner & Co.);—*The Evils of Ireland*,



considered with a View to Possible Remedies, in a Letter to the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland, with the Draft of a Bill on the Land Question, by "Scamperdale" (Hodges, Smith, & Co., Dublin);—*The Irish Difficulty*, by James Aytoun (Hardwicke), a series of letters reprinted from a weekly contemporary;—No. V., for March, of the *Journal of Social Science*, including the Sessional Papers of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, edited by Edwin Lancaster, M.D., F.R.S., &c. (Chapman & Hall);—and Part II. of an *Index to the Printed Pedigrees contained in County and Local Histories, and in the More Important Genealogical Collections*, by Charles Bridger, Hon. Mem. Soc. Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (J. R. Smith).

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

We have on various occasions, in this journal, spoken of the desirability of an international copyright law between this country and the United States. The paragraphs and articles that have appeared at different times in our columns upon this subject have generally been honoured by a reprint in the American journals, and very recently more than one New York paper has devoted a considerable space to the discussion of such an international enactment from an American point of view. It had been suggested in this country that the matter should be intrusted to Mr. J. S. Mill to bring before Parliament, with a view to pressing our Government to open negotiations with the American authorities; but the officials at Washington have saved us all trouble in the matter. By the last mail we learn that the Honorable Charles Sumner has just laid the foundations of an international copyright law between Great Britain and America. On the 2nd of March he introduced into the Senate at Washington a petition from between two and three hundred authors, editors, and publishers, praying for an international copyright law. This petition was signed by Bryant, Longfellow, Jared Sparks, Lowell, Holmes, and other prominent writers, "presenting," the report informs us, "a fine and valuable collection of autographs." In introducing the petition, Mr. Sumner said that fourteen years ago he offered a similar petition, signed by Fennimore Cooper, Washington Irving, W. H. Prescott, and others; those men had passed away from earth without having their petition answered. He hoped that some, at least, of the present petitioners would live to see the request of this memorial complied with. The petition was referred to the Committee of Foreign Relations, of which Mr. Sumner himself is chairman.

A most curious gathering of autograph letters addressed to the late Lady Blessington by artists, literary men, noblemen, and others, has just been sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. The names of Moore, Shelley, Landseer, Dickens, Macready, Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and many other celebrities occurred. There were also some very extraordinary relics in the shape of locks of hair of distinguished persons; amongst others, Lucretia Borgia (given by her to Peter Bembo, and presented to Lady Blessington by the Abbé Bentivoglio, keeper of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, 24th May, 1826); the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Countess Guiccioli, and Mrs. Hemans.

The taste for living out of town is becoming as general in Paris as it is in London. Most of the French authors and publishers who are able, writes a correspondent, are moving away. "The Hachettes," our informant says, "live at Plessis Piquet, where they have beautiful chateaux and grounds in the English style; and M. Perrotin has built a comfortable villa at Maison Lafitte, where he has a chamber which is a faithful copy in every particular of the room in which Béranger died. M. Perrotin was the poet's publisher; he removed the paper, doors, windows, chimney, floor—in fact, everything he could move—from the chamber; in it he has all the furniture, books, prints, pens, ink, &c., which were in Béranger's bedroom, and he has arranged them just as they were when Lisette's minstrel expired. M. Plon is building a villa at Auteuil, and laying out an immense garden, where he may satisfy his passion for early vegetables and fruit; strawberries in January, peas in February, asparagus in March, and egg plants (his favourite vegetable) in April. Poor M. Chaix had a charming villa at Auteuil, about three minutes' walk from M. Plon's new residence; his family still live there. M. Emile de Girardin is building a house in the same neighbourhood. M. Turgan, one of the writers of the *Moniteur*, and the author of the 'Great Manufactories of France,' lives near M. Chaix. The current sets out of town with a force which increases every day; in a few years there will be nobody living in Paris but foreigners and shopkeepers of the lowest rank."

The extraordinary "oration" made by the Hon. George Bancroft, by invitation of Congress, in the House of Representatives, Washington, has just been printed *in extenso* by Messrs. Stevens Brothers, American booksellers, of Henrietta-street.

From Paris we hear that M. Gustave Doré is preparing to illustrate La Fontaine's "Fables," for which purpose he spends most of his time in the Jardin des Plantes studying animals, not forgetting fourteen rats, more or less, which he keeps in an immense cage in his studio in order to observe their habits.

It appears that a few copies of Doré's Illustrated Bible were printed on India paper. One of these has just been forwarded to the Duke d'Aumale. No copies on this paper, we understand, were printed for sale.

On Monday, the foreign booksellers in London were active in every direction with Victor Hugo's new work, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." Early copies were received here on the Saturday afternoon. In Paris, the work may be seen in every bookseller's window; but it will be some days before anything like a supply reaches this country. The following lines are printed on the first page:—"I dedicate this book to the rock of hospitality and liberty, to that corner of ancient Norman land where lives that little nation of the sea—I dedicate it to the island of Guernsey, stern, yet sweet, my present asylum, and probably my future grave!" In Paris, the greatest desire is manifested by the humbler classes for a cheap edition, the present three-

volume publication by Lacroix being far too dear for them. Mr. Moy Thomas, we believe, is rapidly completing his task of preparing the English version; but, instead of "The Workers on the Sea," as at first announced, the title of the English edition is to be "The Toilers on the Sea." The task of translation was, we hear, anything but an easy matter, the strange names and references given by M. Hugo almost defying any rendering other than the original.

*Harper's Weekly*, the New York journal which recently attacked Mr. Strahan's *Sunday Magazine*, accusing the English publisher of declaring a false value to the New York Custom-house authorities, has recently been taken to task somewhat severely by another American paper, the *Round Table*, a literary journal conducted with considerable ability and independence. The object of Harper's attack, says the *Round Table*, was doubtless to have the duties on foreign books increased so that they could not compete with their own under the great advantages which they undoubtedly possess just now. "We have no wish," remarks the *Round Table*, "to sound the praises of the *Sunday Magazine*, which we never remember to have seen; but if it be a good Magazine—as good as *Harper's Magazine* or the *Atlantic Monthly*—and the American people choose to purchase it for twenty-five cents, instead of purchasing our Magazines at a higher figure, we think they ought to have the privilege. It is all very well to talk of encouraging American literature, but the fact is, we haven't much to boast of yet; certainly none that will compare with that of the mother country. How can we have a literature worthy of us until we have a criticism worthy of literature?" Another English firm, having a branch house in New York, Messrs. Nelson & Sons, being desirous of propitiating the American trade, or, to use their own words, "to more thoroughly accommodate themselves to the requirements of the American trade," announce that they are about to get their books manufactured, "and so become American publishers as well as importers," which is all the title they had previously given themselves.

Speaking of the Harpers, we have now before us an instance of the unfair way in which they occasionally treat English authors. Boldly seizing a British subject's literary labour, and issuing it in an American form, whether the author desired such a course or not, is a practice so common as not to be worth mentioning; but the taking of an English author's work, extracting its essence, making a fac-simile of all its engravings, and then flinging the writer and his book away without the smallest mention of him or his labour, is certainly cool and novel treatment. Mr. Emanuel, the Queen's jeweller, has just had his work on Diamonds and Precious Stones treated in this way in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. The title has been used, the prominent particulars throughout the work have been extracted, and the whole of the engravings have been reproduced, thus forming a very entertaining article, and not one word is vouchsafed concerning the actual author. The consequence of such treatment as this is, that, if a reader falls in with the Magazine first, he will consider Mr. Emanuel the plagiarist or pirate—or whatever else we may term him—and not the editor of the American Magazine.

The Messrs. Chappell, of Bond-street, have just made an engagement with Mr. Charles Dickens, who is to give for them thirty readings, receiving for the same the largest sum ever paid to a lecturer in this country. The first reading will be "Dr. Marigold," at St. James's Hall.

Dante's Pineta of Ravenna, where he took his solitary walks, is at present the subject of a fierce contest in Italy. It appears that the Court of Rome was a large proprietor, or claimed to be so, of the land on which stood these sacred pines, and this right it consented to sell to Baron Boratelli for the sum of 30,000 francs. The purchase has now been disputed by Victor Emmanuel's law officers, and two or three trials have already taken place concerning this famous wood.

Amongst the new books recently published in the United States is a "History of the Bills of Credit, or Paper Money issued by New York from 1709 to 1789; with a description of the Bills, and a Catalogue of the various Issues," by J. H. Hickcox, author of "American Coinage." To satisfy the demand for "large paper," which is now all the rage with book-collectors in the United States, an extra issue has been made of fifty copies, price ten dollars. The ordinary edition extends only to 250 copies.

The letter addressed by the late Père Enfantin to M. Michel Chevalier, in which was unfolded his idea of a bank of intellectual credit, is about to be published in Paris. It will contain an introduction or preface by M. Arles Dufour.

Mr. Longfellow is at present engaged preparing a new uniform edition of his works, which is to be produced, we are told, in elegant style, printed at the University Press, and issued by his publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

During the week, the pictures of the late Thomas Colley Grattan have been sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson. They realized excellent prices.

At a recent meeting of the Société des Gens de Lettres, in Paris, Alexandre Dumas advocated a plan for the construction of a gigantic theatre where plays of every nation would be performed. He merely asks for two millions to carry out his scheme, and promises to subscribers of 2f., 5f., or 1000f., 100 per cent. profit. M. Dumas purposes travelling all over the known world to collect subscriptions, and feels confident he will yet construct his cosmopolitan theatre.

There has just appeared in Philadelphia a new evening paper called the *Stage*, devoted to dramatic and musical criticism, literature, and intelligence. The journal has started with the full support of the numerous actors and singers in the Quaker City, and has been modelled after the London *Glowworm*, with this difference, that advertisers will purchase large quantities to give away, instead of selling them.

It is understood that Messrs. WARD, LOCK, & TYLER have acquired the right to publish all Miss Braddon's novels, and that a uniform library edition, in volumes at 6s. each, together with a cheap edition at 2s., will be at once issued. Both editions will have the advantage of the author's latest revision. Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Tyler will also publish Miss Braddon's new novel, "The Lady's Mile," 3 vols., which is now at press, and will appear shortly after Easter.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Andersen's Bilderbuch ohne Bilder. With Notes by A. Beck. 12mo., 2s.
- Ashford (J.), Job: a Sacred Drama. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Ayckbourn (H.), Chancery Practice. 8th edit. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
- Beigel (H.), on Inhalation. 8vo., 6s.
- Beyond the Church. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- Blyth (Lieut.-Col.), The Whist-Player. 3rd edit. Imp. 16mo., 5s.
- Bowman (J. E.), Practical Chemistry. 5th edit. Fcap., 6s. 6d.
- Brown (J. B.), on Curability of Insanity, &c., in Females. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Broke (Admiral Sir P. B.), Memoirs of. 8vo., 20s.
- Butler (J. O.), Introduction to Geography. 19th edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Cassell's Family Bible. New edit. Vol. II. Royal 4to., 12s. 6d.
- Chrysostom (St.) on the Priesthood. Translated by H. B. Cowper. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Church and State Coach (The). 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
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- Cruikshank (George), Twenty Etchings of Sir John Falstaff. Royal 8vo., 5s.
- Demon's Convocation (The), and other Poems. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
- Dictionary of British Indian Dates. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
- Disraeli (Right Hon. B.), Five Speeches on Constitutional Reform. 8vo., 3s.
- Dobell (H.), on Winter Cough, Catarrh, &c. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
- Erasmus on Preparation for Death. Translated by Rev. J. H. Mountain. 18mo., 2s.
- Gilbart (J. W.), Logic for the Million. New edit. 8vo., 12s.
- Gil Blas. New edit. 8 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Godwin (H.), Sunday Chimes. Fcap., 5s.
- Gray's Elegy, illuminated by Lady Willoughby. Imp. 4to., £3. 3s.
- Holy Thoughts and Musings of a Departed Friend. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
- Huntley (Marchioness of), Thoughts in Verse upon Flowers of the Field, Illuminated. Royal 4to., 21s.
- Irish Church Directory, 1866. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Irving (W.), Beauties of, Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. 18mo., 2s.
- Jones (J.), A Century of Sonnets. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- (Owen), Examples of Chinese Ornament. Part I. 4to., 21s.
- Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, a Commentary on. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Kent's International Law, revised by J. T. Abdy. 8vo., 16s.
- Ludlow (J. M.), President Lincoln Self-Portrayed. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
- Mandron (A.), Album Poétique de la Jeunesse. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
- Melville (J. G. Whyte), Cerise. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
- Moore's Irish Melodies, Illustrated by MacLise. New edit. Imp. 16mo., 10s. 6d.
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NOTICE is hereby given, That the Subscription List for the United Kingdom to the LAW REPORTS for the present year will be closed on Saturday, 17th day of March, after which day the Reports for 1866 can only be had at the publication price.

The Subscription List for the Colonies will not be closed at present.

By order,

FITZROY KELLY, Chairman.  
Benchers' Reading Room, Lincoln's Inn.  
February 17th, 1866.

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To avoid misapprehension, the Council desire to state that there is no intention during the present or any future year to increase the prepaid subscriptions to the Law Reports. An annual subscription of £5. 5s., prepaid before the close of the Subscription List, will entitle every subscriber during the present or any future year to the Law Reports, Weekly Notes, and the authorised edition of the Public Statutes for the year. In any increased price which may be charged by Publishers after the 17th of March for the Reports of the present year the Council will derive no benefit, as the difference between the subscription price, £5. 5s., and the publication price, £7, is trade profit, with which the Council have nothing to do.

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